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Professor P. M. S. Blackett on Limited Nuclear War

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Comments on the Week's News .. 622
The Busmen Stand Alone 625
Limited Nuclear War. P. M. S. Blackett 625
London Diary. Critic 627
This England 628
Balance of Power. Reginald Reynolds 628
Cyprus Villages. Myra Strabolgi .. 628
Drink in Wales. W. John Morgan .. 630
Humanists and the BBC. Margaret Knight 630

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Opera As It Should Be. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 632
Variation on a Theme. T. C. Worsley 633
Big Screens and Little. William Whitebait 634
I Am a Stereophone. Tom Driberg .. 635
Three Landscapes. John Berger .. 635

CORRESPONDENCE

Martin Shelton, Archibald Robertson, Pat Arrowsmith, Basil Druitt, Arthur Darlington, Raymond Herman, F. G. Taylor, W. L. Goodman, Jessica Seth-Smith, Albert D. Parelhoff, Patric F. O'Keeffe, G. F. Green 636

Books in General:
From Eden to Armageddon. John Raymond 639
The Stable Door. Robert Graves .. 640

REVIEWS

Nuclear Obsession. R. H. S. Crossman 640
Queep . . . Queep. Gavin Maxwell .. 641
The Technics and Ethics of Fall-Out. Prof. C. H. Waddington 642
S-Day Minus. A. J. P. Taylor 642
Operatics. Jeremy Noble 643
In the Wake of Hitler. K. John .. 644
New Novels. Walter Allen 644
Flowers of the Frau. V. S. Naipaul .. 645
Short Stories. Naomi Lewis 646

Week-end Competition 646
City Lights. Taurus 647
The Chess Board. Assiac 648
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 648

Which War in Algeria?

GUY MOLLET once called the French Right 'the most stupid in the world'. Events have endorsed this verdict. So long as they worked within the framework of the constitution, the Right in Paris and Algiers – benefiting from the convention which excludes the 150 Communist deputies from the parliamentary equation – controlled the government. Whether the Cabinets were 'left-wing', under Mollet or Bourgès-Maunoury, or 'centre', under Gaillard, they carried out the Right's policy in Algeria. But the itch for extra-constitutional violence, from which the French Right has always suffered, proved too strong. Their first mistake was Sakiet. This – as they could have foreseen – forced Gaillard to 'internationalise' the war. When, as was inevitable, he accepted the findings of the Good Offices commission, they made a second mistake. They overthrew his government, although they knew that parliamentary arithmetic prevented the formation of an alternative of their own making. The crisis led the Socialists to revise their war policy and, by refusing to take office again, to withdraw Lacoste, the *colons'* champion, from Algiers. When the consequence of these errors became clear this week, the Right made a third – and perhaps decisive – one: they launched a *coup d'état*.

This was based upon a complete miscalculation of the mood in France. Although public opinion there is critical of the workings of the Republic, there is no desire to replace it with authoritarian rule. Indeed, recent elections show a remarkable stability in the pattern of political allegiance. Frenchmen allow the war to go on partly because the government and press have misled them as to its likely outcome, partly because they feel they have a duty to help their fellow-Europeans in Algeria; but their support has been passive, not active. Moreover, they have so far refused to accept the sacrifices – rationing and higher taxes – which the war makes increasingly imperative.

So long as the generals and politicians in Algiers manipulated policy through the Assembly, they got what they wanted. But by directly challenging the authority of the state, they have opened the eyes of the French public to the central paradox of the Algerian war: the reversal of the myth *L'Algérie, c'est la France* into the reality of the past three years: *La France, c'est l'Algérie*. The uneasy suspicion that France was letting down its brothers in Algeria has been succeeded by the realisation that the future of 50 million Frenchmen is being jeopardised by a mere 1,200,000 *colons*. The war could continue only so long as it was assumed that the interests of both groups were identical: now, by attempting to dictate to Paris, Algiers has shown that they are divergent – or even diametrically opposed.

Hence, the *coup* has led to a polarisation between Paris and Algiers. In Algiers, Massu, the garrison commander, has imposed his will on Salan, the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, and holds the city; but, on Wednesday night, the situation elsewhere in Algeria was unclear. In Paris, however, the *coup* had been a total failure. On Tuesday, the Fascists marshalled less than 6,000 for their riots, which police suppressed without resorting to firearms. The bulk of the Right voted against the new government, but by no means all their leaders. 150 Fascist conspirators – including six serving officers – were arrested in Paris early on Wednesday. De Gaulle had made no reply to the invitation to lead the revolt, while General Ely, on behalf of the army in France, had pledged his support to the Republic.

The initiative then passed to Pflimlin. The wisest and the constitutional course for him was to rally Republican opinion and suppress the revolt – thereby breaking the *colon*-Army lobby. Late on Wednesday he chose an easier and ultimately more dangerous alternative. Noting that the leaders of the revolt were in a more reasonable mood – they could see that they were isolated in Algeria – he jumped at the chance to negotiate with them, though the price of a settlement was the reinstatement of Lacoste and other ministers 'acceptable' to the rebels. He may thus avoid war against the *colons*, but he ensures that the Algerian war will go on. The blackmail of the Algerian lobby has thus worked again; the generals may be saved from the consequences of their mistakes by even graver errors on the part of frightened politicians.

Comments on the Week's News

Civil War in Lebanon?

There are signs that the sporadic outbreaks of violence in Lebanon, which have grown in intensity over the past month, are now assuming the dimensions of a full civil war. Lebanon is 50 per cent. Marronite (Christians in communion with Rome), 40 per cent. Moslem, the remainder being Druses and Greek Orthodox; and with these sectarian divisions – and a long history of religious warfare – Lebanese politicians, assisted by an ingenious constitution, have hitherto been at immense pains to adopt programmes which command multipartisan religious support. Last year, this journal warned that President Chamoun's decision to railroad the Eisenhower Doctrine through the Lebanese parliament effectively broke this 'gentleman's agreement', and we quoted in support the views of the Marronite patriarch, who feared a renewal of sectarian violence. The issue which contained this warning was seized by the Lebanese authorities on the curious grounds that it 'tended to incite religious conflict'. Since then, Chamoun has persisted in his anti-Nasser policy which, though it undoubtedly commands some support among the Christian population, has aroused strong, and increasingly violent, opposition among the Moslems. His term of office is due to expire this autumn, but he is seeking to amend the provision in the constitution which forbids a second term. He can, of course, command a majority to support it, but he risks precipitating the resignation of his 'stooge' Moslem premier, Sami Solh. If Sami goes, it is believed that Chamoun will find it impossible to persuade a Moslem to replace him. The constitutional balance of power will then break down, and political warfare will ensue on strict sectarian lines. The current violence is thus a reflection of deep political discord, and it will clearly increase in intensity unless Chamoun retires. He shows, however, no sign of doing this; on the contrary, he has privately threatened to invoke US military intervention, under the terms of the Doctrine, if Moslem violence grows to the point where the small Lebanese security forces can no longer control it. The US is already supplying 'police equipment'.

Campaign Against Belgrade

The pressure on Yugoslavia is increasing. At the same time that President Voroshilov's visit to Belgrade was cancelled – relations are now deteriorating on the state as well as the party level – the Soviet ambassador, Zamchevski, returned to Belgrade with a letter from the Soviet central committee which states the conditions on which the Russians will continue to 'co-operate' with the Yugoslavs. 'Mutual aid', as Mr Krushchev has already made clear, is to be given only to countries which are unreservedly in the 'Socialist camp'. The campaign against Tito has now been taken up in all the other Communist states, though it is muted in Poland and Hungary. For the Poles, especially, the new dispute is creating serious difficulties, for it is forcing them to come much closer to the Soviet standpoint than they feel is comfortable: Gomulka has had to endorse Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956 and to speak of the 'dangers of revisionism'. It now seems certain that Tito's visit to Warsaw will be put off, and that Gomulka will have at least to go through the motions of 'bloc solidarity' against the Yugoslavs. But more is at stake than an ideological dispute between Belgrade and Moscow: the decision to denounce the Yugoslavs seems of a piece with the hardening of Soviet policy in other fields and with circumstantial reports from Moscow that Krushchev himself is again under pressure from the neo-Stalinist faction in the Soviet leadership, and that the Chinese party is also throwing its weight against him. These reports – which are underlined by similar statements from Sydney Gruson, the well-informed correspondent of the *New York Times* in Warsaw – suggest that the Chinese are anxious to ensure that Soviet economic resources are not spread too thinly (they have complained that the USSR has been lagging behind its programme of aid for China) and that they do not approve of a Summit conference while they are excluded from official great-power status. If this analysis is correct, it would explain why the Chinese criticism of the Yugoslavs was more extreme than the original Russian reproof, and why the Soviet campaign for a Summit meeting seems to have become little more than perfunctory. The rumours that Mr Krushchev ran into trouble during or just after his visit to Hungary now seem rather more credible.

Rash Words in Pakistan

Talk by the President of the Muslim League about war being 'the only solution of the Kashmir tangle' is merely the routine effort of a Pakistan politician to restore the fallen fortunes of his party. Such remarks have been common in Pakistan ever since the first illegal entry of tribesmen and Pakistan troops into Kashmir in 1947. But the speech of Mr Mohamed Ali, a former Pakistan Prime Minister, at Lahore, reported in *Dawn* of 3 May, must be regarded as a more serious symptom. He seems to have stated that an open clash with India is 'inevitable' within the next three years, and to have stated that India's construction of dams on the frontiers of Pakistan are proof positive that Delhi intends to deprive Pakistan of its water – instead of a determination, in the absence of any reasonable arrangement with Karachi, to supply the desperate needs of its own peasants. He is quoted as saying that it would 'do a lot of good to the people of Kashmir and Pakistan to fight on the Kashmir issue', rather than to wait until 'the Muslim majority of Kashmir is turned into an untouchable minority or when Lahore bears the look of a city of the North African desert'. He apparently advocates using the time until the still expected Pakistan elections to prepare the public for an invasion of Kashmir, which he says would be not a violation of Indian territory but 'a mercy mission to help liberate' Pakistan's brethren suffering under Indian dictatorship. One result of such propaganda coming from a politician with an honourable and moderate reputation, must be that the politicians of other parties, which might have paid attention to the lamentable political and economic confusion in Pakistan, will also attempt to rally their followers behind the slogan of a Holy War against India. Perhaps the calculation is that such threats will compel the Security Council to intervene in Kashmir, or to bring more pressure to bear on India. The risks are very great. The UN can do no more than to attempt to persuade India and Pakistan to return to the common-sense partition proposals which Nehru did, even if belatedly, make to Karachi. Any attempt to send troops would only lead to perilous international complications in which America would be powerless to aid Pakistan, her ally under the Baghdad Pact, while Russia, which supports Delhi in Kashmir, would see a wonderful opportunity of increasing Soviet influence in India.

NEXT WEEK

The Crisis in France

A SPECIAL REPORT

Moscow Art Theatre

by V. S. PRITCHETT

Taking Stock in Kenya

With the appointment of a new government, the Kenya constitution may stagger on for a few months. Mr Amalemba, one of the four Africans elected on the cross-racial roll, has been appointed Minister of Housing, so that all three races have ministerial appointments. Nevertheless, the constitutional crisis is not over. The manner in which the elections within the Legislative Council were conducted reveals the basic cause of the African boycott. A number of European elected and nominated members formed themselves into a caucus, decided on their nominees, and tried to strike a bargain with the Asians and Africans so as to exclude Mr E. A. Vasey from election. Although the bargain was refused, the tactic succeeded and this leading European liberal was defeated. The Africans, of course, could have assured his success if they had not boycotted the election, and they are now trying to retain his services by asking that he be renominated and continue as Finance Minister. Nevertheless, this European tactic has lent weight to the African accusation that the Europeans have acted as a bloc instead of as individuals and are united in rejecting any genuine liberalism. It may equally turn the Africans against the Colonial Office, for it is known that a number of nominees and officials helped to secure Mr Vasey's defeat. This European attitude can only result in strengthening the tendency amongst the Africans to regard themselves equally as a racial bloc. Their opposition to the constitution and their boycott has left them somewhat out on a limb. Some of the elected members are now searching for a way to work the constitution without losing face. But the real issue which they have to meet is whether they are aiming at a monolithic African state or a genuine democracy in which members of all the communities will show differences of opinion and policy. What they most need is the confidence in their own powers for the future which Kwame Nkrumah showed in 1951, when he accepted an incomplete democracy in the conviction that through experience and responsibility he could attain complete democratic self-government.

Compromise in Laos?

In the first elections to be held in Laos since the small kingdom was reunified last December the near-Communist Patriotic Front and their allies, the neutralists, have done pretty well, winning all the 12 seats they contested. These were only supplementary elections; and so the Laos National Assembly still consists of 39 more or less conservative deputies compared with 20 Patriotic Front or neutralist members. But the supplementary polls were held throughout Laos, and there is no mistaking the powerful showing by the Left. It looks like a portent for the general election in December 1959. The turn of events in Laos is not surprising. The Patriotic Front (ex-Pathet Laos originally drilled by the Communist Vietminh in the northern provinces) were the principal fighters for liberation from French rule. The injection of their reforming zeal into the whole country is bound to work as a leaven in a sleepy, feudal kingdom. But it by no means follows that the Patriotic Front, if it achieves power in 1959, will turn Laos into a full-fledged member of the Communist bloc. The Patriotic Front leader, Prince Souphannouvong, is a half-brother of the Conservative Premier, Prince Phouma. Dynastic instincts usually turn out strongest in tiny buffer-states, whose national survival depends on cohesiveness and on playing off neighbouring giants against one another. Laos is likely to plough the neutralist furrow for all it is worth, whoever governs. Reunited by sensible compromises she may yet prove to have set a wise example to the countries still split in two by the ideological war.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Nixon the Neighbour

In the psychological war between American free enterprise and the Soviet way, free enterprise has a serious handicap. It has to contend not only with the enemy but with its own stoutest friends and most vocal defenders here at home. American wool, metal, textile, chemical, and electrical equipment producers, for example, in the abstract yield to no one when it comes to championing the full and free competition of capitalism – and the less interference from government the better. The trouble is that so little business is done in the abstract. In the concrete these same individuals seem much more concerned about getting the government to shield them from the competition of Uruguayan wool, Canadian copper, Peruvian zinc and lead, and British electrical equipment than from the ideological competition of the Russians.

A dramatic consequence of this split personality was the rough reception accorded Vice-President Nixon on what was ironically conceived as a 'good neighbour' tour of South America. In Uruguay the more reasonable of his hosts protested against US tariffs that last year kept them from selling more than half their exportable wool, while the less restrained jeered at him as the agent of 'North American imperialism'. In Argentina he was shouted down at a meeting of the Buenos Aires University Federation. Bolivians showered him with leaflets advising him to go home and denouncing 'the high cost of living imposed by the Yankees'. In Peru he was greeted with stones, eggs, saliva, and insults. And in Ecuador the government ran off a commemorative stamp in his honour, but was prudent enough to cancel a scheduled conference between Nixon and student and labour leaders.

Dispatches from South American capitals uniformly describe the demonstrations as 'Communist-inspired', and there is little reason to doubt that the comrades took every advantage of a situation made to their order. But as the *New York Times* points out editorially, to dismiss the affair in this way is 'a mistake that is too often made in Latin-American affairs'. The Communists could not have exploited Mr Nixon's visit so successfully if the climate were not already dangerously charged. What the students – Nixon suspiciously reported that some of them looked like 'very old students' – communicated so aggressively, government officials suggested with grave courtesy but equal clarity. They would either get economic help from the United States and a fair deal in the North American market, it was hinted, or they might look for trade and aid to the Soviet bloc, which has already made overtures.

On this score it is perhaps worth noting that while Nixon's reception was violent at San Marcos University, where Communist influence is believed to be strong, it was far from cordial at the Catholic University, where jeers and hostile questions about tariffs were thrown instead of ripe fruit. It is also a fact that the anti-Nixon demonstrations reached a peak in Peru, whose Communist Party is among the least significant in South America, the anti-Communist Apristas having stolen most of that party's social thunder. Finally, it may be said, the current battle over extending reciprocal trade has been marked by comment from the most unimpeachably conservative sources abroad indicating doubt about this country's devotion to freedom of the marketplace. Australia's Trade Minister recently chided us for 'lecturing the whole world on the advantages of free trade, but allotting Australia an import quota of only nine tons of butter yearly'. And from Mexico, Canada, Holland, and Britain have come similar complaints and admonitions.

By attracting the lightning of Latin-American resentment, Nixon may have done more to promote the Eisenhower trade-and-aid policy than three months of oratory on Capitol Hill, but only if the Administration is shrewd enough to make the connection and drive the point home to the public. The President's initial reaction has been to praise Nixon's courage under fire, to blame 'radical agitators' for the hostility, and to suggest that goodwill still abounds. If he goes no further than this, the tariff lobbies will go their increasingly successful way and the Vice-President will have been egged in vain.

ROBERT BENDINER

Peking

The 'Harmless' Mr Kishi

A Student of the Chinese press writes: The decisive polling stations in Japan's general election next week will be in Peking and Washington. Peking has already made its opening move against Mr Kishi, the Japanese Premier, by breaking off Sino-Japanese steel talks. To the Chinese, politics means business and business means politics; and the pressures of the past three nuclear-charged months in the Pacific has transformed the relatively harmless Mr Kishi into an outrider of the flying squad, with which Mr Dulles escorts Chiang Kai-shek.

On 5 March, the fourth Sino-Japanese trade agreement was signed, involving an exchange of goods worth £35m each way. China will provide coal, iron ore and other raw materials, while Japan will supply rolling stock and equipment, ships, heavy machinery, steel, aluminium and chemicals. The last clause of this semi-official agreement allowing for the exchange of missions was opposed by the Kishi government. The Chinese saw this as a deliberate attempt to undermine the agreement. The *Jen Min Jih Pao* of 3 April, in an editorial 'The Kishi government's sabotage of the Sino-Japanese Trade Agreement must not be tolerated', wrote: 'Owing to the continuing pressure from the United States and the fact that the Chiang Kai-shek clique, taking its cue from Washington, has taken threatening measures against the Japanese government, Nobusake Kishi has assured the Chiang Kai-shek clique in a letter that the Japanese government will absolutely not recognise the People's Republic of China, will grant no "prerogatives" to the Chinese trade representatives' office and will not recognise that the Chinese office has the right to hoist its national flag. This shows most clearly that the Kishi government is making preparations to scrap the fourth Sino-Japanese trade agreement'. The agreement stipulates that the trade missions of the two sides have the right to hoist their national flags.

The *Ta Kung Pao* on the same day gave the warning: 'If the Kishi government does not quickly change its hostile policy towards China, it will reap what it sows'. On 15 April the same paper, again editorially, commented: 'Kishi totally ignores the interests of the Japanese nation and people. At present, when the economy of the United States is sharply declining, the Japanese economy is also turning to depression. At this moment, Japan needs in particular to free itself from the bad effects of the US dollar and develop trade relations with its neighbour China'. The same day the *Jen Min Jih Pao* wrote: 'Japan is now facing a serious economic recession. In the past, despite Kishi's attempts to get into America's good graces and his constant stressing of Japan-US friendship, US discrimination against Japanese goods was ruthless. Moreover, it goes without saying that the US economic recession will affect the other capitalist countries, especially Japan. That explains why Kishi hoped to gain advantage from Sino-Japanese trade and harped on the tune of "trade with China". Meanwhile Japan's Diet will be dissolved this year in preparation for a general election. To gain more votes, Kishi and his ruling party dare not go too far against the will of the people and openly say "No" to Sino-Japanese trade. That is why superficially the Kishi government expresses "support" for the fourth Sino-Japanese trade agreement while in essence it is hostile to the Chinese people and stands on the side of US imperialism and the Chiang Kai-shek clique'.

Meanwhile, a Chinese iron and steel mission arrived in Tokyo, aiming, so the leader explained, at individual contracts under the agreement. At this stage Mr Kishi blotted his copybook by saying, in reply to a Socialist interpellation in the Lower House, that 'the United States is entitled to bring nuclear weapons into Japan' under the Japan-US security treaty. According to *Hsinhua* (7 April) the Socialists decided to table a no-confidence motion against the Kishi government. When this motion was put forward on 25 April, the Kishi Cabinet announced the dissolution of the Lower House, and announced 22 May as the date for the general election.

The ending of trade talks by Peking, following Kishi's unwillingness to allow a Chinese flag to fly over the trade mission building, will feature in the election campaign. So, too, will the Kishi statement on nuclear weapons. Mr Krushchev has found a pen-friend in the chairman of the Japanese Council for Prohibiting Atomic and Hydrogen

Bombs, Kaoru Yasui. On 23 April the *Ta Kung Pao* congratulated Mr Krushchev on this as showing 'the Soviet Union's positive attitude towards developing USSR-Japan relations'.

Westminster

No Shifting Sandys

The look of the government front bench at about 3.20 p.m. on Tuesday was intriguing. Mr R. A. Butler, as if he had been up all night, had been sitting there for some time with his eyes shut; but now he was upright and wearing that weakly gleeful grin, his invariable signal that colleagues are in trouble. Beside him was the Prime Minister, fingering the written answers to questions which he would shortly read to the House. Next to him was Mr Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, looking redder than a lobster. Perhaps he had been in the sun. Further along still was Mr George Ward, the Secretary of State for Air, looking blacker than a coalman. Had he been thrown into the pit?

Mr Macmillan now rose to his feet and purported to deal with the curious official demonstration, staged a few days earlier by the Air Council, which some observers said had implied criticism of the Minister of Defence and had explicitly advocated a policy which was contrary to the government's White Paper. It was at once seen that the Prime Minister intended to play this incident down. Indeed he virtually avoided the point – whether serving officers should publicly criticise government policy and whether a government department as a whole should publicly lobby for a narrow departmental view. Instead he threw a quick party political crack at the head of Mr Gaitskell – which kept the Tories laughing uproarously for 35 seconds flat. Mr John Strachey drily remarked that, if this was to be the government's attitude, we should soon be seeing little plays put on by the Ministry of Housing in favour of higher rents, or by the Treasury in favour of deflation. Strachey might also have suggested plays by the Ministry of Transport advocating higher wages for railwaymen and by the Ministry of Labour advocating a thick ear for the busmen.

At this point, with Sandys looking even redder and Ward even blacker, the discussion was adjourned. But, of course, this political playlet was no more than a watered down version, licensed for public presentation, of a full blooded drama which has been played, and is still being played, before a club audience. In this drama the central figure is Sandys. With slow but unswerving industriousness, he has spent the last two years, or the night hours of the last two years, developing two lines of policy which between them have helped to unite the majority of his party against him. One line is to divert much of our defence from conventional to nuclear weapons. This has roused his predecessor, Brigadier Head, and many others who foresee a day when, faced with a minor colonial war, Britain will either have to drop an H-bomb or do nothing. It has also infuriated all ex-officers on the Tory benches who see their beloved regiments losing their identity and being forced to wear trews instead of kilts.

His second line of policy is to secure some measure of service integration, and in particular to make his own department a real Ministry of Defence by creating an all-powerful planning staff wholly divorced from the three service ministries. This, too, has aroused the kilts-and-trews brigade and, more important, it has aroused the vested interests of the service departments, or at least of one of them. For Sandys, following the technique of Mr Iain Macleod in industrial matters, has managed temporarily to isolate the Air Ministry from the other two by proposing that the functions of the RAF shall, in future, be carried out either by rockets, instead of manned bombers, or by the Navy – which suits the Navy, especially as Lord Mountbatten is designated as the new Combined Chief of Staff; and that the army shall carry on, for the time being, as before – which suits the army. This is the explanation of the show put on by the RAF last week.

Three new divers have now plunged into this somewhat turgid pool. They are Messrs Thorneycroft, Birch and Powell, cheered on by a substantial number of onlookers. These three are piqued because their resignations made so little stir and because the cause of it all – Sandys and his inflated defence expenditure – should still be sitting adamantine behind his broad desk over the park. Birch, usually so inventive, has used all his own stock of acid phrases and is borrowing some from history. These three genuinely want cuts in defence expenditure. With equal genuineness they want to shift Sandys.

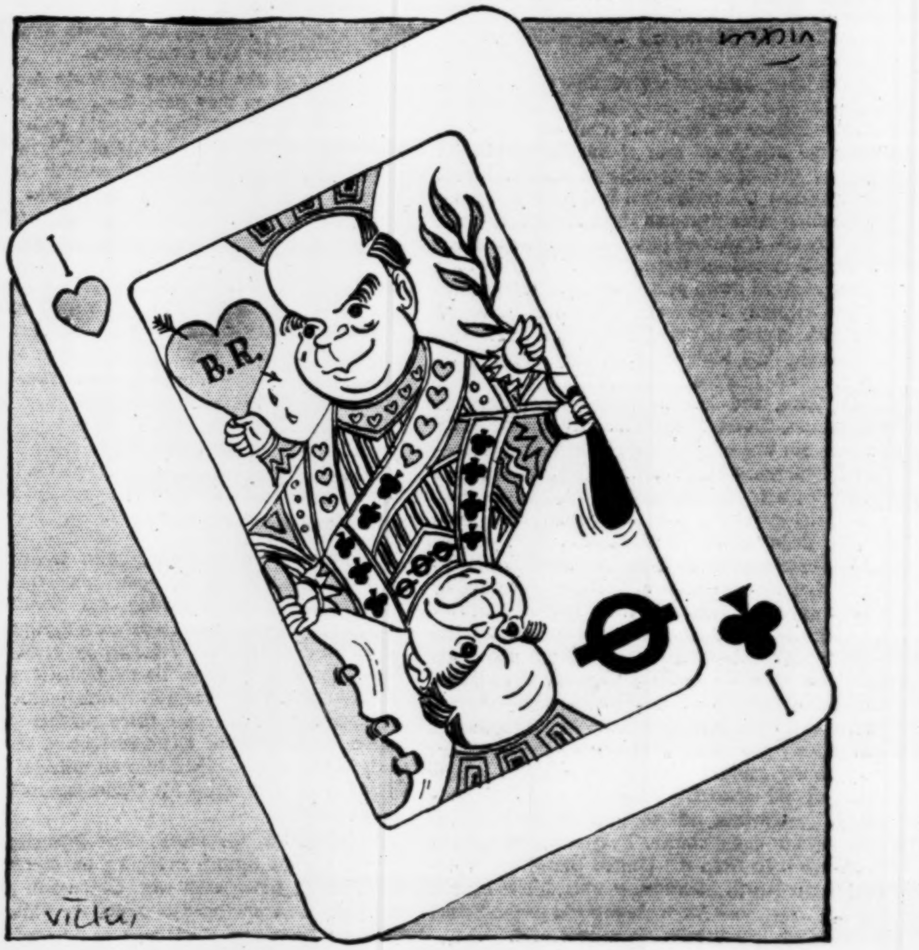
Will they succeed? I think it unlikely. For one thing, Sandys' methodical obstinacy, while it will never move faster than sound, is well geared to break every other barrier in the course of time. For another, it still remains a fact that the two policies which he has developed were both of them initiated by Mr Macmillan. A man who will stand by even Mr Selwyn Lloyd will probably not let down either Duncan Sandys or his own ideas.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Good Old Railmen

Very different indeed has been the attitude of Fleet Street to the railway unions and their leaders compared with the general coolness towards the busmen and Mr Frank Cousins. It was clear, indeed, by the beginning of the week that, whatever its noisier back-benchers might say, unless the Cabinet could show that it had made a substantial effort to meet the railwaymen's case for an early increase it was likely to find itself faced with a very strong blast from most of the press – apart from *The Times*, the *Telegraph* and the *Mail*. The *Herald*, as was to be expected, was strong for the railwaymen from the beginning. So was the *Mirror*. Somewhat unnaturally coy during the early stages of the bus dispute, it had no doubt at all as to where it stood on the railway negotiations. Day by day from Wednesday of last week onwards it produced a series of plain speaking editorials in the best *Mirror* tradition, several of them displayed prominently across several columns on the front page. Its theme: 'Any government that allowed a national strike to occur as a result of negotiations with such reasonable people as these *would be a very foolish government indeed*'. The *Express*, for once, was hardly less active in the wage earners' cause: 'The railwaymen want a four per cent. wage increase . . . on the basis of the rise in living costs it represents no more than justice for the men' it told its readers on Friday. By Monday it was telling Macleod that if the Minister of Transport was against an increase he should ignore



him. The *News Chronicle* refrained from leaping down from the fence with quite this aplomb. Although it declared that 'the railwaymen are shabbily paid' and that they 'have a stronger case financially than the busmen, it kept one toe on the other side of the fence, adding that they must recognise that the government could not go back from its position on subsidies and that economies must be proved first. The *Sketch*, although more concerned, even during the rail discussions, to pursue Mr Frank Cousins, whom it prefers to call 'King Toby', was also at pains to declare its sympathy for the railwaymen.

They had most of the popular Sunday press with them too. The *News of the World* divided its leader page between Mr Aneurin Bevan and Mr Peter Thorneycroft, but its editorial was fairly firmly in sympathy with the railwaymen's right to some concession. It even had a good word for the busmen. The *Sunday Dispatch* was on the railwaymen's side too, praising their 'goodwill' and 'restraint', declaring that 'the baby is now in Mr Macmillan's lap'. *Reynolds*, as was to be expected, was strongly on the men's side. 'Why is it always men who have to sacrifice . . . while money goes untouched?' And the *People*, which tends to be somewhat unpredictable in such matters, robustly claimed that the government had been robbing the railwaymen for years and must pay up without delay. The *Observer* was balanced. It considered that the government must 'give some more definite signs that its policy of economic restriction and wage restraint has some limit and is not intended to last for ever', but added that the railwaymen should if necessary be prepared 'to wait a few months longer'. Only the *Sunday Times* had no word even of platitudinous Sabbath sympathy for the railwaymen.

Amidst the flood of the press comment, three papers maintained throughout most of the discussions an odd silence: *The Times*, the *Telegraph* and the *Mail*. On Friday, it is true, *The Times* did refer to the proposed meeting between Mr Macleod, Sir Brian and the union leaders and commented sourly that it 'need not raise anybody's hopes too high. There is no sign yet that Mr Macleod has – or, indeed, ought to have – any fresh offers to make'. But after this it retired into what appeared to be a sulky silence from which it had not even emerged by Wednesday morning. The *Telegraph* also – apart from saying that Mr Macleod had acted sensibly in calling both sides together – refrained from giving its readers any guidance. This silence it finally ended on Wednesday with a leader rather oddly congratulating the government on 'standing firm'. The *Mail*'s disengagement has been not less complete. Although full of indignation on the general subject of 'political intervention' in industrial disputes (from the Labour side naturally), it had no leader of any kind on the railway claims during the whole course of the discussions until Wednesday. Then, although declaring that the virtual end of the strike was a great relief and that many would be glad 'that these men are to get more money', it asked: 'But what of the methods used to provide it?' It did not give an answer but promised future discussion of the subject. The *Manchester Guardian* offered plenty of guidance. Although earlier bitter against the busmen it came out strongly on the side of the railwaymen. 'The government,' it declared, 'need have no hesitation in providing money to help the Commission and the unions over a difficult patch'. On Wednesday only the *Daily Worker*, which had badly wanted a strike from the start, was unhappy. 'Shameful,' it said.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Busmen Stand Alone

THERE will be no official railway strike. That now seems certain, however much NUR branches in London and Manchester may grumble – or even resort to sporadic unofficial action. The government has played its trump and won its trick. The railwaymen have been bought off cheaply in the circumstances, and the London busmen stand alone. This has always been the government's purpose; and ministers have shown steady nerves as well as tactical finesse in achieving it.

Mr Cousins now faces a series of decisions which will test his nerves and his tactics to the full. Should he seek to widen the strike in an effort to force the government's hand? He would have every justification, for instance, in calling upon his own union members to limit the delivery of petrol in the London area to the pre-strike level. It would need no more than a hint from him to break down the great patience and restraint of the London Underground and suburban train staffs. The government would then be faced with the most distasteful of all decisions for a government – how far they can risk direct intervention with troops to 'maintain essential services'.

On the other hand, Mr Cousins may reckon that his funds and the temper of his men permit him to hold out in isolation, and without any direct industrial support, for longer than either the government or London Transport can tolerate. In that case the government has to decide whether at a certain point to intervene and break the deadlock or to accept the challenge of a long battle of endurance. The government's objective is twofold: first to win a pitched battle against a wage claim, thus exploding (it is hoped) the myth of irresistible trade union strength which has inhibited domestic policy since 1951. The subsidiary objective is to discredit Frank Cousins.

A settlement with the railways will certainly be accompanied by a general stepping-up of propaganda against the busmen and against Cousins. So it is worth recalling once again the essential facts upon which the busmen base their claim. London bus wages are, in real terms, lower than they were before the war. Relatively the London busmen have fallen from second to 56th in the table of industrial wage earners. The London buses are a highly profitable service, subsidising both the rest of London Transport and the Exchequer. No wonder the busmen feel their claim is a reasonable one. Mr Cousins did more than could reasonably be expected – certainly more than the leaders of the railway unions – to avoid a strike. And now that it has been forced upon him, he and his men are entitled to look for support from every section of the Labour movement.

Limited Nuclear War

This article by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, FRS, can be considered as a postcript to his book *Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations* (*CUP*, 1956), which was based on his Lees Knowles Lectures on Military Science at Trinity College, Cambridge. On one essential problem, which was left unresolved in the former lectures, he has now reached a conclusion. This is the main theme of the article.

IN view of the millions of words which have been written on all aspects of nuclear weapons, some justification is required for adding more. When I hear the words Great Deterrent, Massive Retaliation, Graduated Deterrence, Limited Nuclear War, and so on, I share the feelings of Eliza Doolittle: 'Never let me hear another word again. There isn't one that I haven't heard. Say one more word and I'll scream.' We had better remember, however, that sometimes, as another great lady, the White Queen, knew so well, it is better to scream before one is hurt than after: with atomic weapons one is unlikely to scream afterwards.

In discussing the problem of limited nuclear war, I am assuming the factual background of the real world as it is today, with vast strategic nuclear power in the hands of the US and the Soviet Union – and to lesser extent of Britain – and with tactical atomic weapons available for both Nato and the Soviet land forces. The problem I am going to examine is how we should use, or not use, the weapons we already have. The doctrine of total war includes little or no provision for any threat less than that of pure aggression. Since the United States has for some years based its defence policy on this doctrine, it is almost powerless to use its huge military power in any less vital circumstances. Consider, for example, the case of the Korean war. The US was forced to fight a war limited in terrain, limited in weapons and limited in aims, and to accept an armistice which fell far short of even local victory, without ever bringing into use her nuclear power. Never was there a greater contrast between the humdrum exigencies of the real world and the dream world of American military thought. In fact, as Dr Henry A. Kissinger and a number of other serious writers on defence problems have now realised, the acceptance of total war as an instrument of policy paralyses the will on any occasion except the remote one of total aggression, invites nibbling and indirect attack, deters local defence and resistance, and plays straight into the hands of an enemy commanding more flexible military power. This is why Kissinger himself, in his important book *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, attaches so much importance to the achievement of an understandable doctrine of limited war.

When the tactical use of nuclear weapons in land warfare was first seriously canvassed in the United States in about 1950, it represented, in my view, a militarily feasible policy and an advance on the previous doctrine. It was feasible for the West because the Soviet Union then had very few atomic bombs to use in reply; and it could be argued that it was sensible because it was at least one step away from the rigidity and horror of all-out war. Ignoring its political disadvantages, it remained perhaps a possible military policy for a few years more – so long in fact as the West had a big numerical preponderance of nuclear weapons. It could be argued then that the threat of massive retaliation by the US Strategic Air Command was adequate to make the USSR conform to the West's own set of rules for waging limited atomic war. Some years ago, however, I myself came more and more to the conclusion that the power of the SAC to compel Soviet compliance with our rules for limited war was probably a thing of the past, and would certainly soon be so. Now, with effective parity for planning purposes of mutual destructive power, I am sure it has vanished. Furthermore, I believe that the Soviet superiority in land forces, combined with atomic parity, may even put them in a position to try to force the West to comply with their rules for limited war; and those, in some circumstances, might well exclude the use of tactical nuclear weapons.

In the US the doctrine of limited nuclear war clearly commands wide support. One reason is that it seems to offer a course of action which might restore to the US the possibility of exercising its military power flexibly, while at the same time avoiding the twin horrors that America might be atom-bombed or have to submit to the pain of raising bigger armies. Europeans naturally look on the matter rather differently. The doctrine of limited nuclear war might conceivably deflect the bombs from both the US and the USSR, but it would undoubtedly bring them down on Europe. In spite of this, tactical nuclear weapons have become accepted in Nato, even though there is no rational theory of their use.

For the West to derive advantage from starting a limited war in Europe with tactical atomic weapons, these two conditions would have to be fulfilled: first, and most obviously, the West must be convinced that the war could be kept on a limited scale, and that the chance of its spreading to the destruction of the European cities must be negligibly small. Secondly, there is no point in initiating the use of tactical nuclear weapons unless they are likely to give some military advantage to the West.

Kissinger argues – indeed it is one of his main theses – that the West should use tactical nuclear weapons in limited wars, even if the enemy did not. His set of 'rules' proposes that, for limited atomic wars in Europe, American and Soviet cities would be excluded as targets, but that nearly all European cities would be fair game unless declared 'open' and subject to inspection. He believes that the West has a reasonable chance of inducing the enemy to conform to such rules because the West holds the ultimate sanction of all-out nuclear war. This, as I have explained, I do not accept. I believe it would be extremely dangerous for the West to initiate the use of tactical nuclear weapons, at least in any vital area such as Europe, because of the danger that their use would soon develop into all-out nuclear attack on cities.

Let us consider now what might happen if tactical atomic weapons were used in Europe by both sides. It is generally assumed that their use would favour the strategic defence – that is, the West. This argument has always seemed to me a weak one, particularly where, as in Europe or for that matter in Korea, the western military effort must be supplied through a few ports, which could hardly be excluded as targets for tactical nuclear weapons. The use, for instance, in Korea of tactical nuclear weapons by both sides would probably have been fatal to the West because of the vulnerability of its ports. On the battlefield itself atomic weapons might sometimes favour the side which is tactically on the defensive, since they would make too dangerous the massing of large numbers of troops for a conventional type of attack. It is by no means clear, however, that tactical atomic weapons could not be integrated effectively into a tactical offensive: according to reports from neutral observers this is being done in the Red Army. And no doubt also in the Nato forces.

Kissinger in his advocacy of limited war is logical enough not to rely on the argument that the use of tactical nuclear weapons would favour the defence. He envisages limited nuclear war as a fast moving affair of small independent units, acting largely on their own initiative. In such a war, of course, units on the side which is strategically defensive will as often as not take the tactical offensive. He is led, therefore, to look for some other factor which will make the use of tactical atomic weapons of more value to the West than to the East. He finds this in the belief that western soldiers will be much better at tactical nuclear warfare than Soviet soldiers. He contrasts the flexibility and self-reliance of the American officer corps with the rigidity of Soviet military organisation. I think this argument is plain poppycock. First we rely on our atomic monopoly to offset the greater number of Soviet soldiers. When the atomic monopoly is lost, we rely on having more bombs. When numbers become unimportant, we rely on better bombs. When this technical superiority is lost, we rely on the supposed superior quality of the few individual soldiers we do have. Superiority in character, as in weapons, is something to be trained and worked for; but it should not be counted upon in planning.

I conclude from this analysis that if tactical nuclear weapons were used by both sides in Europe, it is by no means certain they would favour the West. I would go further and hold that the Nato forces, even in their present state, would probably put up a better defence if neither side used nuclear weapons than if both did. But this must remain a matter of conjecture. We see, therefore, that neither of the two conditions which must be satisfied if the West is to gain by the initiation of limited nuclear war can be proved true: it cannot be shown that the war could be kept limited, and it cannot be shown that the use of tactical atomic weapons would favour the West. Thus the initiation by the West of tactical nuclear war might either hasten military defeat, or lead to the destruction of Europe by H-bombs – or both.

Something must be said of the probable destructive effects of using tactical nuclear weapons on the battlefield. Since they have never been used in real war, reliance must be placed on exercises, of which two have been reported in the press, both in 1955. In Operation Sage Brush in Louisiana, 275 tactical nuclear weapons of from two to 40 kilotons (one-tenth to twice that of the Hiroshima bomb) were exploded in a limited military operation. The assessors reported that the destruction was so great that no such thing as limited or purely tactical nuclear war was possible in such an area. In a similar exercise, Carte Blanche, in western Europe, 335 bombs were used in 48 hours, and the estimated civilian and military casualties were 1.7 million Germans killed and 3.5 million wounded. One reported conclusion was that, given military equality in all fields between opponents in atomic war, an attacker could always defeat a defender.

We see, therefore, that, even if limited nuclear war in Europe could be kept limited, and even if it did militarily favour the West, the reluctance of continental people, especially West Germans, who live in the area where the battle would be fought to entrust their safety to such destructive methods is easily understandable.

It is clear that there are a number of perfectly possible and even likely disturbances, for instance, in eastern Europe which might be the starting point of a limited war, in which the land forces of Nato would engage probably superior Soviet forces. Current western doctrine suggests that SHAPE would at once use tactical nuclear weapons. If there were any serious intention of keeping the war limited, it would certainly be necessary to make some announcement to the enemy of just what the West intended to do. Since no one has agreed what ought to be announced on such occasions, there would be endless wrangling and confusion. By the time agreement has been reached, the enemy might well have achieved their limited objective.

For such reasons as these I am convinced that it is on the whole unlikely that Britain or America would, in fact, initiate the use of tactical nuclear weapons if a limited war broke out in Europe. At the last minute they would have to leave the land forces to fight without nuclear weapons. I believe this in spite of the official statements to the contrary, in spite of the conventional status which tactical nuclear weapons have achieved in SHAPE, and in spite of the fact that the training of the troops is being largely based on their use. I think that they would not be used for much the same set of reasons which led to their not being used in Korea, Indo-China and Suez. In these three campaigns, stalemate, partial defeat and complete withdrawal respectively were accepted by nuclear powers without nuclear weapons being used.

It seems to me impossible to imagine a limited nuclear war in progress in Europe without the overwhelming British concern being not what happened in the battle, but to prevent Britain being destroyed. In such a tactical nuclear war, there would be many western aircraft with nuclear bombs in the air and in the sole control of individual men who might mistake their targets, misread their orders, or deliberately ignore them. If one such man attacked an important Soviet city, it would appear to the USSR as deliberate aggression and a violation of the assumed rules of limited nuclear war. Could a British government leave London at the mercy of one such man? It seems clear enough that the US government is extremely unlikely, in fact, to use the threat of all-out war by the SAC in order to assist Nato to keep a limited war in Europe limited. This is because of the risk of Soviet nuclear attack on the US. It has been estimated by an American writer that in the first two days of an all-out war between America and Russia about 100 million Russians might be killed – but also about 20 million Americans! Another recent estimate is that 250 Soviet H-bombs reasonably placed on their targets would kill 70 million Americans. The figures may well be quite phoney; but the effect of their publication, failing effective refutation, can only be to prevent the threat of total war being used effectively by America to keep a limited nuclear war limited.

All this leads me to conclude that the inhibition which Britain must have against authorising the use of tactical atomic weapons in Europe is nearly, if not quite, as strong as are its inhibitions about launching a strategic attack on the Soviet Union. It can never be quite certain that a tactical nuclear war would, in fact, turn into a strategic one; but the likelihood is sufficiently high to make it absolutely necessary to plan for the probability that it would.

So far, I have discussed the situation as it is today, with the main Nato forces beginning to be trained in the use of tactical atomic weapons, but with the nuclear warheads remaining under American and British control. But the policy which is likely to be carried out is to train the land forces of all the 14 nations of Nato in the use of tactical nuclear weapons. This implies that the warheads will have eventually to be put under the control of the local national commanders. As soon as this has happened, all the strong inhibitions against their use will be greatly magnified. For now the possibility of maintaining any set of 'rules' for limited nuclear war will be much reduced, since there will be an increased likelihood of the cities of the contestants being attacked, either by mistake or deliberately. Britain, for instance, might find her national survival hazarded by any one of many fanatical fingers of many nationalities on hundreds of nuclear triggers. As the tactical nuclear armament of Nato forces progresses, I am convinced that the increasing concern of each member state at a time of international tension will become less and less with the military intention of the Soviet bloc and more and more with the dangerous consequences of possible individual action by other Nato countries. When this happens, Nato ceases to exist as a unified military force and becomes an uneasy agglomeration of nuclear states relapsing into frightened isolation.

The military logic of all this is that tactical nuclear weapons provide little hope, at any rate in Europe, of compensating for the West's disinclination to mobilise its superior manpower to produce adequate land forces. Both George F. Kennan, in his book *Russia, the Atom and the West*, and Sir Stephen King-Hall, in *Defence in the Nuclear Age*, have emphasised that in certain circumstances, therefore, western countries may have to accept military defeat and thereafter possible occupation. It is well to remember that this is a problem which concerns not only Britain, but the other Nato countries. Some Britons may well prefer to contemplate now the thought of British national suicide rather than that Britain should be occupied. Far fewer will be found to prefer British national suicide, rather than, shall we say, that Turkey should be occupied. And the Turks might well reciprocate these feelings.

This examination of the inherent dangers of tactical nuclear weapons, of the inhibitions which will in the event impede their use, and of the unreality of the concept of a limited nuclear war, seems to me to expose some of the fallacies on which current western strategic thought is based. But there is much further study and hard work to be done. I am convinced that unless we face realistically the possible situations which we may encounter, Britain may find herself led by events beyond her control into political and military fiascos, compared with which Munich will appear to future historians as a monument of courage and Suez as a triumph of military planning.

When grappling with these important but intricate arguments, it is useful to keep in mind a few numerical facts and certain deductions from them. Remember that the main argument for spreading tactical nuclear weapons among the nations of Nato is that they would enable the West to use its superior technology to defeat the hordes of Soviet soldiers. On the other hand, the actual population of the Nato countries is some 430 million, which is over 50 per cent. higher than the 280 million in the USSR and her European satellites. Thus the role of the assumed superior technology, which certainly existed ten years ago, was to compensate not for a deficiency of manpower but for the disinclination of western peoples to serve as soldiers. Today no important degree of military technological superiority can safely be planned for, and military planners must revert to the traditional practice of assuming technological parity. Indeed unless present tendencies are changed, technological superiority may well pass to the USSR, since they are training more engineers and applied scientists than the whole western world, and have shown a marked ability to concentrate their efforts on to a limited number of important technological targets. So future military planners may (taking an optimistic view, which I share, that the world is rather unlikely to blow itself up) be faced with the problem of how the West can mobilise its superior manpower to offset the achievements of the hordes of Soviet technologists.

P. M. S. BLACKETT

London Diary

POLITICIANS, like public entertainers, need a gimmick. Iain Macleod's gimmick is the carefully rehearsed, uncompromisingly direct personal attack. He first used it, and made his name, against Aneurin Bevan during a debate on health service charges; and he used it again last week on Hugh Gaitskell during the debate on the transport strike. The Gaitskell attack was particularly effective, partly because it helped Macleod to avoid answering awkward questions and partly because it rallied his own supporters, who now detest Gaitskell more than any other Labour leader. When they first noticed Gaitskell, and especially during the Bevanite controversy, Conservatives rather liked him. He was, they felt, a moderate man, sharing the same background as themselves and having much the same outlook. Such a man would keep the Labour Party respectable. This view seemed to be confirmed during the early stages of the Suez crisis; for in his now famous speech of 2 August Gaitskell appeared to endorse the 'strong' line which Eden was proposing to take. The shock was all the greater when, as the crisis developed, Gaitskell swung round to vehement opposition. This, the Tories felt, was a betrayal of country and class, particularly class, and a betrayal which resulted not from conviction but from weakness revealed by the pressures of his own side. They have never forgiven him. He remains as unpopular with his enemies as Mr Duncan Sandys is with his friends; so Macleod, in choosing him for attack, was on to a good thing with his own side. However, Macleod is now thoroughly disliked by the opposition, and any attack by him tends to rally support behind his victim. Indeed, it may well prove that Macleod, having first built himself up by personal abuse, is now proceeding to build up his opponents by the same method.

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The extraordinary correspondence between Bertrand Russell, Krushchev and Dulles, which appeared in this journal, is published this week in book form by McGibbon & Kee. Re-reading it, I am impressed by the contrast between the two Krushchev letters. The first, before the Dulles reply to Russell, was sent from Moscow on 7 December. It was a conciliatory letter, clearly intended to hasten steps to the Summit. The second, replying to Dulles on 5 March, was merely polemical; it even suggested in familiar Marxian terms that US big business must want a war because war meant big profits. Surely this is not what Krushchev would have regurgitated if he had still been hopeful about the Summit? This is additional evidence for the view that the Russians no longer think a conference worth the bother while Eisenhower and Dulles are in charge in Washington. But this may be going too far. The truth may simply be that when annoyed by Dulles – or anyone else – Krushchev can't help repeating the stock Leninist arguments against imperialism, even when they nullify the Kremlin's own thesis about co-existence. In exactly the same way American politicians talk about peace in terms that sound like declarations of war. Co-existence seems to demand an American leader who is not obsessed with a Pearl Harbour view of Russia's policy, and a Soviet leader who is a good enough Marxist to see that a technological advance has altered ideologies. The new technical factor is the invention of nuclear weapons which make war unprofitable either to capitalists or to revolutionaries.

When the *Universities and Left Review* was launched many people thought its success was another flash-in-the-pan. But the journal itself continues to flourish and the enterprising group of young people who started it have branched out into other activities. The Club, which meets every Monday, continues to get between two and three hundred people to its discussions – and, what's more important, the majority are under 30. Now it has started a lunch-time 'international forum' on Thursdays, and it has also promoted a 'junior' club for sixth-formers in London. The first meeting last Friday was packed out. Soon, I gather, the Club is opening its coffee-house at 7 Carlile Street in Soho, and in the meantime it is going to hold an exhibition there of leaflets, pamphlets, posters and photographs of the Thirties. This is an interesting project, and the organisers are anxious to borrow suitable material from anyone who has tucked such souvenirs away in a cupboard. On the day the exhibition opens, Philip Toynbee and Michael Foot are speaking on the Left in the Thirties. The date is 28 May: the place, the Shaftesbury Hotel.

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George Benson's very useful First Offenders Bill is nearly law. His idea was applied to teenage first offenders by Section 17 of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948; its effect was to require the courts to think twice before sending them to prison. Having thought twice, a chairman of Quarter Sessions is required by the Act merely to say why he has decided on prison; he need not write it down because a shorthand-writer in court is taking down what he says. But in magistrates' courts the decision has to go down on the warrant of committal to prison and in the court register, and it has been wonderful how the effort of formulating their reasons in writing has clarified their worships' minds. The number of 'young prisoners' serving a first sentence at any one time has more than halved in the last ten years. It must have been a difficult bill to oppose, though a few lonely MPs did their best. After all, if you promote a bill saying that the magistrates ought now to think carefully about sending adults to prison for a first time the gist of any opposition must be in effect to say that they need *not* think carefully! If you say that the reasons for deciding on prison ought to be put into writing, opponents are driven to implying that they ought to be kept dark. One body of experts who will welcome the bill unreservedly are the Prison Commissioners. But it will now be more than ever urgent to get on with the expansion of the Probation Service.

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Though he had been ill for some time, it came as a shock to learn that T. W. Earp had died. He was art critic of this journal in the late Twenties, a devotee of Sickert and friend of Augustus John. The John portrait, slightly elongating the features, preserves his look of rubicund saintliness: Tommy (as he always was, even in non-Christian-name days) was devoted to many things, parties as well as poetry, Crabbe and pacifism and Van Gogh's Provence and snuff, and perhaps most of all serious pub-table talk. Round him, in Fitzroy Street, had grown up from the floor skyscrapers of books, mostly French, which he would 'come to' in due season. He wrote a poem a day on lined foolscap; his Life of Stendhal grew legendary over the years but in fact it was never written. From a happy domesticity he would emerge on moist autumn evenings wearing a huge greatcoat and pumps – not that he danced, being of the Oblomov mould, but they hinted at gaiety. His wit kept a pristine freshness throughout years of rather sour and silly joking. My favourite story of him (and it was his too) was of his youthful appearance before a magistrate on the charge of having been found in a barrow of cabbages being wheeled up the Tottenham Court Road in the small hours. To the magistrate's lengthy reprimand and abrupt 'Anything to say?' he replied, 'Yes, indeed', and his argument took the court into far realms of Epicureanism, Pickwick, Rimbaud. . . . 'Good God, man', exclaimed the magistrate, 'you talk as if you were president of the Oxford Union!' 'I am!' exclaimed Tommy in that high, quavering, but resolute voice of his. And he was. He was also the unaffected guardian of a true talent which was only allowed to peep out. One couldn't help loving him. He will be greatly missed by his many friends – in private.

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In Algiers the offices of the US Information Services were sacked by angry *colons* who accuse America of favouring the Arabs. In Beirut a similar US building has been attacked by angry Arabs because Americans are anti-Arab.

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I was glad to see Chris Mayhew's vigorous protest against the really fantastic treatment of the Moscow Art Theatre Company. As Lionel Hale so well put it in *The Times*, they are 'probably the most famous theatrical company in the world', and as such have been feted in every other country. What no one outside this country will understand or believe is that their wretched reception is not discourtesy, but simply the absence of any official organisation responsible for culture or the arts. But no, I am wrong. We have the Lord Chamberlain. He should have met our Moscow visitors in full Court robes, and as a tactful hint of our attitude towards the theatre, given them a note about the rules of censorship which it is his duty to enforce.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Have I joined the middle classes? I find myself calling my doctor and my solicitor by their Christian names – and that I'm told is a criterion of middle-class establishment. – Letter in *Sunday Graphic*. (J. P. Brady.)

The mother complained that her son, an only child, was becoming truculent, had started smoking, had been seen entering a public-house, and was keeping company with a girl.

Insp McCann began to investigate. 'I found that the son was 36', he states. – *Birmingham Post*. (P. Rogers.)

The Coldstream Guards are taking strict precautions to stop men fainting at the Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards Parade, London, next month.

Men below the rank of sergeant are to be confined to barracks, and married men condemned to bachelor barrack beds, on the night before big parades. – *Daily Express*. (Aldyth MacKinnon.)

Are we to understand that insubordination is now tolerated in the Post Office, and that it will be allowed to go on unpunished? – Letter in *The Times*. (A. A. Wood.)

Blenheim is a famous showplace, but the Duke can often relax enough to throw raspberries to the ceiling in the fabulous dining hall and catch them in his mouth. 'I know by the applause when he's at it', says the Duchess. – *She*. (Pamela Clark.)

Balance of Power

'The Master of the Rolls, Lord Evershed, said in his judgment: "It was an extremely disagreeable situation . . ." She had put some of her weight on the toilet roll which, "true to its mechanical requirement, rotated and disturbed her equilibrium".' – *Manchester Guardian*.

It is no longer viable
To balance power and close the sum –
Rotating things are liable
To queer the equilibrium;
Our old stability has gone,
We poise above a yawning pan,
And Earth is but a roll whereon
Stands the uneasy foot of Man.

For Earth, unfortunately, moves,
As Galileo pointed out,
And this indubitably proves
(Though Dulles may be still in doubt)
That static strategy of fear
The demiurgic laws indict –
For while we ride the stratosphere,
The mind is still a troglodyte.

The Ego-centric, flat-earth mind
Of Gideon and arrested Time
Even in Virgil's days could find
It was a tricky job to climb
From slippery Avernus; and
Sir Isaac Newton made it worse.
(Einstein I do not understand,
But must include him in the verse.)

You can annihilate the Mount –
The Sermon is of sterner stuff.
When you have closed the last account
Your reckoning is not enough;
Ill-perched, the Captains of our souls
Shall stand, arraigned of falling short,
Before the Master of the Rolls
In the Apocalyptic Court.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Cyprus Villages

'Go to the villages and meet the people', friends advised before we left for a month's visit to Cyprus. 'See if you can discover some moderate opinion!' There are 627 villages in Cyprus. I went to 40 of them and spoke with many villagers, both Greek and Turk. I did not find any moderate opinion. It seems to have got lost in the emergency.

The Greek Cypriots are a simple people. They are kindly, good-natured and extremely friendly. Their magnificent hospitality has to be experienced to be believed. Today they are very politically conscious. They feel passionately about union with Greece. They feel deeply hurt by the attitude of the British. They speak with a single voice when asked what they desire for the future of their island. First and foremost, they cry, bring back Archbishop Makarios, our chosen leader. Let us start negotiations. End the emergency measures and release the detainees. Return our prisoners exiled in England and grant a general amnesty for political prisoners. Only after they have got this off their chest will they discuss their everyday problems.

One of the first villages I visited was Exometokhi. It is an extremely poor village, with no electricity and very little water. A labourer whom we met in the café invited me to his house to meet his family. His house had one dark, damp room, with a leaky roof. Here he, his wife and his 14-year-old daughter lived and slept. A corner of the room was partitioned off and used as a storehouse for grain. His wife was working in the fields, but his daughter was at home. She did not seem surprised to see us and at once passed round a tray of sweetmeats. She told me that she kept house for her parents and also went to work at a nearby farm. There has been a drought this year and life, she said, would be much easier if they could have more water. One might have thought that this would be uppermost in her mind. But no, she had first to say she wanted to be 'free'. The rest would follow. This was soon a familiar tale.

At Mia Milea just outside Nicosia, where most of the villagers go to work, I met many members of the left- and right-wing trade unions. They were reluctant to discuss their own political differences. 'We are in agreement over the question of the future of Cyprus. That is our most important problem.' When I asked what they thought of the new Governor, a shout of unkind laughter went up. 'We'd rather have Harding back,' said a bright-eyed boy who worked in the Post Office. 'He was a hard man, but at least we knew where we stood with him. Tell Foot to come and visit us and we shall be pleased to tell him what we have told you. We are willing to pay for his petrol!' This delighted the crowd. 'We're fed up with the British,' he went on. 'Why don't you clear out?' Their voices grew angry, but they assured me that they are still fond of the British people.

From Kyrenia the mountains of Turkey, only 40 miles away, are clearly visible. We went on to visit the lovely village of Ayios Amvrosios. It was during the Greek Easter and all the people were out in their best clothes enjoying the sun. Greek flags were flying from every house and building. The sound of singing led me down the steps in front of the village green to a large, white-washed room, decorated with yet more Greek flags and photographs of Makarios. Here, hundreds of schoolchildren were loudly singing Greek national songs. Suspended from the centre of the ceiling hung a large swing. A girl stood on each end and one sat in the middle. 'Yasu,' I shouted in greeting. 'Hello,' they replied. One of the girls stepped down from the swing and invited me to take her place. 'Do you know Greek songs?' they asked. I shook my head. 'All right. First you will listen to us, then you will sing to us in English!' I cannot believe that any performance of the 'Skye Boat Song' and 'D'ye Ken John Peel' can have met with a more enthusiastic reception than my nervous effort. It was a heartwarming occasion, with many expressions of mutual goodwill and affection. When I said goodbye, they shouted *'Zito Makarios'*. I repeated it. *'Zito Enosis.' 'Zito Enosis'*, I echoed. *'Zito Eoka, Zito Dighenis,'* they yelled excitedly. I shook my head. 'Why won't you say it?' they persisted. 'I want what you want,' I tried to say, 'but I can't support violence.' They would not understand.

The biggest meeting was at Lythrodhonda. I arrived in the evening as the people were returning home from work. A gathering of several hundred people filled the village club. A young woman, nursing a baby, gave a long and impassioned speech. 'How long?' she cried. 'Tell us, how long must we wait? We have been more than patient. We have observed the truce. But nothing happens. Tell us, will the Labour Party honour the Brighton declaration?' Yes, everyone wants to know what will happen when the Labour Party comes to power. Once more the people told me of their disillusion with the Governor. 'He brought us hope,' cried an old man. 'Now he is not the same man. If he cannot help us, why doesn't he

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resign?' The woman interrupted. 'In London they say that talks are taking place. What talks? We want to speak. Bring back Makarios.'

I met many Turks, and spoke with their leader, Dr Kuchuk. I visited Lefka, the only town in Cyprus with a Turkish majority. The youth club there was packed to overflowing when we arrived. Everyone got to their feet shouting 'Partition, partition. We want partition.' The Turks are convinced that this is the only solution for them. They are frightened of Eoka. 'We would rather die,' they said, 'than live under Greek rule'. They have no faith in international guarantees. Partition, I was told, need not necessarily mean a transfer of the population. The Turks want to rule a part of the island, but it might well contain a Greek majority. Then and only then, they insisted, would friendly relations exist once more between Greeks and Turks.

During my visit to the villages I met a number of Turks who lived happily side by side with their Greek neighbours. They begged me not to disclose their names or the name of their villages. 'If you do,' said a Turkish farmer, 'we shall no longer be permitted to enter their clubs or coffee houses.'

Sir Hugh Foot's position at the present time is a wellnigh impossible one. Talking to him, I could not doubt his great sincerity or his determination to do his best for the people of Cyprus. But through no fault of his own he has lost touch with the people. If he were to visit the villages today he would not meet with the same warm reception that he found when he went to them so courageously last December. But it is only by keeping in touch that Sir Hugh can realise the depth of despair which today exists in Cyprus; if the people turn again to Eoka it will be because they have lost hope.

MYRA STRABOLGI

Drink in Wales

THE students' song has it: 'If you want a drink on Sunday, you will have to wait till Monday'. And it goes on to ask: 'Was you ever see such a funny thing before?' In Wales at present many people are not amused, and those who are find it much funnier that if you want a drink on Sunday, you can still have one. All you need do is join one of the Principality's thousand or so clubs and, if you care to, booze till you capsize. Sometimes you don't even need to do that. One recent Sunday, out of curiosity, I called at two hotels in mid-Wales where I wasn't known from Adam and was served a beer not only on the Sabbath, but out of hours. But sound drinking, like everything else, needs to be founded on the rule of law and that is something the clubs enjoy. It is around their greatest freedom—Sunday Opening—that two campaigns are currently being waged in Wales with considerable energy. The publicans want parity with the clubs and England. The temperance men want parity of club with pub, want a limitation of the club's freedom. Poised between these rivals, balancing on a fence with a razor's edge, is the Tourist Board, which has circularised local authorities asking for views on an amendment to the Sunday Closing Act which would permit drinks to be served with meals on Sundays. Cardiff, Swansea, Tenby and Llanidloes would like to see such a tourist-loving amendment. From the Lleyn Peninsula and elsewhere have come threats of excommunication. The Tourist Board points to its fence.

The licensed victuallers' campaign for Sunday opening is an old one, nearly as old as the 1882 Act. In July 1956 they gathered 120,000 signatures to a Commons petition praying for repeal; but no Welsh MP would come near such a contaminating document. Leaflets are now being distributed asking: WHAT HAS ENGLAND GOT THAT WALES HASN'T? Correspondence columns in the Welsh press are rarely free of propaganda; and lately an unusual number of speeches have been reported. MPs are canvassed often and pointlessly. The approach varies. At the moment it is that pubs should be permitted to open during this year's Empire Games held in Wales, so that visitors shall not be discouraged nor those who do arrive dismayed. Some publicans appear to believe that all over the world tourists are pleading with agents to keep Wales off the itinerary because the pubs are closed on Sundays.

General arguments occupy different levels. The disinterested plea is that flagrant inconsistencies in the law, and hypocrisy in social habits, bring both law and society into disrespect. The practical argument is that pubs are subject to stringent regulations the clubs escape, among them police inspection at will, the need for decent premises, and even the higher price pubs pay the brewers for beer. Marginally there is the point put to me by a publican ex-Mayor of Swansea: 'When parties from the works or from the town want to go on a trip on Sunday, where do they go? Say you suggest Tenby or one of the beauty spots of Wales, what happens? One or two hands go up. Now you suggest the Wye Valley and it's like a bloody forest. Why? Because you're in England. Because the pubs are open. And all these trips, they're buying meals, they're spending money. How much of it is staying in Wales?'

Privately, publicans will knock the clubs. Publicly they maintain that their target is not the clubs but the system which permits the unfair trading advantage. What they want is a national plebiscite which—they are convinced—will demonstrate that the majority of people in Wales want Sunday opening. The chances of a plebiscite are, however, remote, if only because the present situation, in which those who want to drink may, recommends inertia to those politicians not otherwise committed by conscience. A plebiscite would also explore the territory between the Idea of Wales and Wales itself, between the attitudes of men who represent Wales and those of the people they are representing. For example, if Wales is shown to want the pubs open on Sunday, won't it suggest that puritanism is no longer the principal national attribute? That the old order has changed utterly? That organisations like the National Union of Mineworkers—which supports Sunday opening—are more representative than Nonconformist eminences? And that recognition should be accorded this? The consequences might be mainly trivial—it would be difficult, for example, to continue to prevent students having a bar in their union. They might also involve a game of musical chairs in the seats of power. Not that it's certain, by any means, that the Sunday openers would win.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Humanists and the BBC

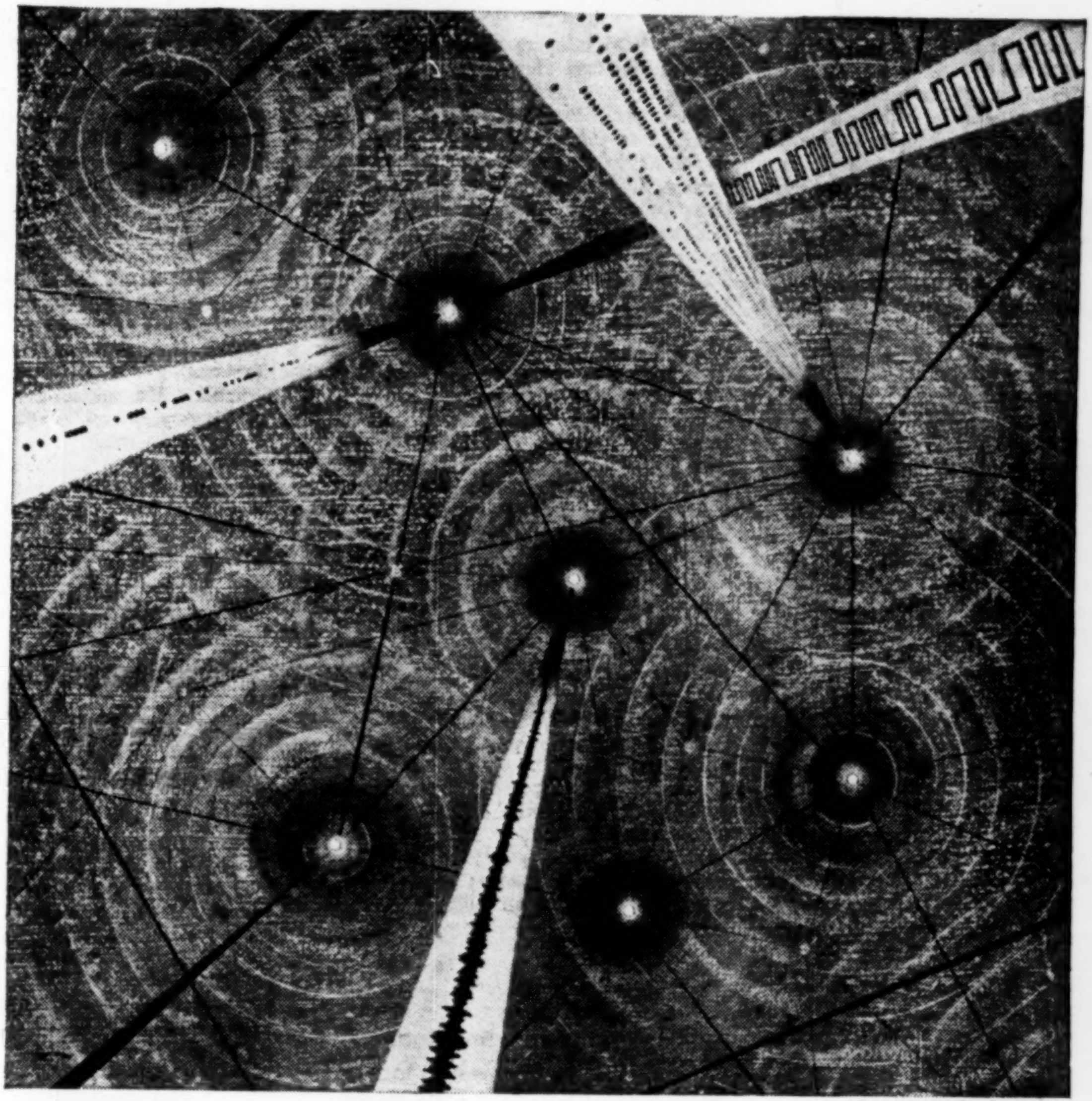
SEVERAL times in recent years, Humanist societies have appealed to the BBC to give a more adequate allowance of time to Humanist broadcasts. The Corporation has gone some way to meet them, but not very far. For example, a current series of 32 talks to sixth forms on religion and philosophy has included three talks on Humanism. None of the three, however, was given by a Humanist; one was by a philosopher with theistic leanings, and the other two by active Christian apologists.

Humanism, it would seem, has little hope of effectively 'breaking the sound barrier' unless there is a basic change in the status and functions of the Religious Broadcasting Department. It is something of an anomaly that there should be a Religious Broadcasting Department at all; there are no special departments for broadcasting on politics, or science, or literature. But the department exists, an abiding (one fears) monument to the Reith tradition; and in 1956-7 it was responsible for 383 hours of broadcasting on the Home and Light Programmes, and 48 hours on television, apart from religious items in school broadcasts and children's programmes. The department also appears to exert a measure of control over some non-religious broadcasts. Programmes on psychiatry, for example, are usually given a religious slant.

The whole of its lavish allowance of time is devoted by the Religious Broadcasting Department to religious services and to various forms of direct and disguised propaganda. No one could reasonably object to the religious services; they are intended primarily for Christian believers, and they satisfy a genuine demand. The propaganda, aimed primarily at the indifferent and the unbeliever, is a different matter. It tends to be strategically sited at peak listening hours; much of it is of an intellectual standard that has to be heard to be believed; and it is not subject to the right of reply. The right of reply is really the crucial issue. In all fields except religion, the BBC scrupulously respects the principle that every *ex parte* statement on a controversial question should be balanced (not necessarily immediately) by a statement on the other side. The principle is carried so far that a speaker may not, apparently, say on the air that astrology is bunk, except in a discussion in which an astrologer also appears.

Religious broadcasts, however, are in the unique position of being immune from the right of reply. The religious broadcaster enjoys a protected status. He can get away with almost anything. He can express highly disputable views as if he were expounding established knowledge; he can make statements for which there is no evidence, use unsound arguments, contradict himself, get his facts wrong, and misrepresent his opponents, in the confidence that no one will be allowed to reply to him on the air.

It would be easy to fill pages of the NEW STATESMAN with specimens of unsound arguments and irresponsible statements culled from religious broadcasts. But, for reasons of space, one must suffice. In a Third Programme talk entitled 'The Character of Belief' (*Listener*, 10 November 1955), the Rev. Professor Ronald Gregor Smith said that without religious belief 'the place where we live, our house, our garden, our friends, our marriage, our job—the whole concern in fact—begins to lose point. . . . They are anxieties and despairs instead of joys and satisfactions. A frightful blight spreads over everything, and everything bores us. . . . Reality has paled, and dwindled to a handful of shadow activities'. The only thing to



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be said about this astonishing statement is that it is not true. But no Humanist was given the opportunity to say so on the air.

An alternative form of propaganda to the straight talk is the session in which a panel of Christians replies to questions. The questions are asked by people inexperienced in religious controversy – often by schoolchildren – and the questioners are seldom given the opportunity to answer back. Then there are the so-called 'religious discussions'. These are not discussions between Christians and non-Christians, but lukewarm exchanges between Christians of differing shades of opinion. A typical example, which was described with enthusiasm in a recent BBC pamphlet, was a discussion on the value of Christian medical missions. The panel consisted of 'three doctors, two men and a woman, all of whom had been engaged upon Christian medical missionary work overseas', and 'the period of discussion ended with a short service of intercession for the work of medical missionaries'. (*Religion on the Air*, p. 18.)

From time to time, Humanists, individually or in groups, write to the BBC to suggest that they should stage some genuine religious controversy. The following is an extract from the reply sent last year by the Religious Broadcasting Department to the Aberdeen Humanist Group. 'I am glad that you have been interested in our Sunday evening programmes, but I think it is only right to tell you that this department cannot be responsible for discussions between Christians and Humanists. These programmes fall within the province of Talks.'

This accords with the recommendation of the Beveridge Committee, which said: 'It is difficult to deny that bodies like the Ethical Union are pursuing seriously the same purpose as that put before us as vital by the British Council of Churches – the bringing about of spiritual and moral regeneration. They can hardly claim a place in religious broadcasting, since for them morality is independent of revealed religion. They should, according to the measure of their seriousness, have opportunity of putting their views before listeners, but it is logical to make this part of the Talks Department rather than of the Religious Broadcasting Department'. (*Report of the Broadcasting Committee,* 1949, p. 66.)

When Humanists approach the Talks Department, however, they fare no better. One inquirer, to my knowledge, was told by a Catholic BBC official that the main reason for the lack of Humanist broadcasts was the difficulty of finding competent Humanist speakers! The usual reply, however, is that the department would like nothing better than to have more Humanist talks and discussions, but that unfortunately there are too many other subjects competing for time.

So we get the present position. The Religious Broadcasting Department spends hours every week broadcasting propaganda for a supernatural religion which most listeners have ceased to believe; while Humanism, which offers a living alternative to a decaying faith, and in which a large body of listeners are keenly interested, has to compete for time with all other discussible subjects, and is fortunate if it gets two or three hours' broadcasting a year.

Only a high-level change of policy can remove this anomaly. Is it too much to hope that such a change may be considered – if not immediately, then at any rate before the BBC's charter comes up for renewal in 1962? The most logical step would be to abolish the Religious Broadcasting Department. But logic, as we are often told, is not everything, and tradition must be respected. So, as a reasonable compromise, one would suggest that the time allotted to the Religious Broadcasting Department should be drastically curtailed, and its functions confined to the broadcasting of religious services. Talks on religion should be given under the ægis of the Talks Department, and should be subject, if they are controversial, to the right of reply. There should be discussions between Christians and Humanists, and Humanists should sometimes be allowed to broadcast their views in straight talks (which would also, of course, be subject to the right of reply).

Many Christians, no doubt, will regard these proposals with horror. One wonders why. Milton wrote: 'Let truth and error grapple – who ever saw truth put to the worse, in free and open encounter?' Do present-day Christians disagree? Or do they, in their hearts, feel unsure that their doctrines are true?

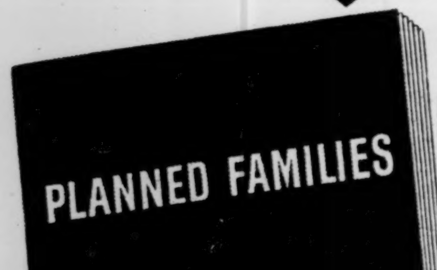
MARGARET KNIGHT

The Arts and Entertainment

Opera As It Should Be

IT is hard to imagine a more splendid celebration of the Covent Garden centenary than the current revival of Verdi's *Don Carlo*, which is to have one of its eight scheduled performances on the hundredth birthday of the present house, on May 15th. This is opera as opera ought to be and very seldom is: a manifestation of musical theatre at its grandest and most complete. Besides, as a rehabilitation of a great, though not flawless, work of art, this revival is worthy of comparison with the most skilful restoration of some begrimed canvas of a great master. We may feel a twinge of sadness that England should have played so small a part in the result, and that of the five principal singers only one, the Canadian tenor Jon Vickers, should belong to the resident company. But all such patriotic regrets are soon forgotten in the solemn joy of watching one of Verdi's noblest, most difficult and least familiar creations restored to its rightful place. It is even doubtful whether 'restored' is the appropriate word: one may wonder if, among the many distinguished revivals accorded to this opera in Italy, Germany and the United States, Verdi's intentions can ever have been so clearly discerned and so fully realised as by Signor Visconti, Signor Giulini and the present Covent Garden company. Probably some of Verdi's critics would have written about *Don Carlo* in a very different vein if they could have had such a presentation as this in the forefront of their minds.

While no one has ever denied the sombre power of certain scenes in *Don Carlo*, the opera is generally dismissed as unsatisfactory on various grounds, only one of which seems substantial. In compressing Schiller's crowded play into operatic form, Verdi's French librettists did quite a workmanlike job, but left the composer with far too much on his plate. With so many political and personal intrigues to attend to, the wonder is that Verdi should have contrived to do justice, sooner or later, to almost everybody and everything of real importance, creating in the process a long gallery of portraits which are, even for him, unusually veracious. At an earlier stage in his career, he would probably have concentrated his attention on the amorous aspects of the story to the virtual exclusion of all else; what gives *Don*



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Carlo its peculiar distinction – its unusual depth, richness and perspective – is a sense that the various personal dramas are being played out against great affairs of Church and State: the Inquisition, the oppression of Flanders, the rigidity of the Spanish court, the liberal idealism of Rodrigo and Don Carlo, and so forth. It is characteristic of the opera, and a wonderful stroke of theatrical and musical power, that, late in the evening, the bigoted and formidable King Philip II should encounter something more bigoted and more formidable still in the person of the aged Grand Inquisitor: the ten-minute duet for these two bass voices uncovers a whole world of gloomy fanaticism, and it is hard to think of any other composer, with the possible exception of Mussorgsky, who could have shown us so strange a world in so narrow a space.

The weakness and vagueness of the librettists' conclusion are undeniable, and unworthy of the rest: Verdi ought not to have accepted it. On the other hand, the stock complaint that the work as a whole suffers from attempting the inflated style of Paris Grand Opera *à la Meyerbeer* surely lies a little wide of the mark; such a subject can be treated only in a grand, sweeping manner, and after all the prime objection to 'Meyerbeer opera' is quite simply that it has usually been composed by Meyerbeer. The complete *Don Carlo* is certainly very long (there are a few cuts at Covent Garden); but such a length is nothing to those who take *The Ring* and *The Trojans* in their stride. Whatever had to go in subsequent revision, it is hard to see how Verdi could ever have persuaded himself to sacrifice his opening act in the forest of Fontainebleau. This scene, which allows a necessary glimpse of possible happiness for the betrothed Don Carlo and Elisabetta, gives the composer a chance for some radiantly lyrical music, in the course of which love themes of great subsequent importance are adumbrated: its omission is disastrous to the structure and balance of the whole work, and its retention is one of the great merits of the present production. As for the supposed unevenness of the score, it is rather the prodigal richness of musical invention that now strikes us: for instance, in the three long duets for Carlo and Elisabetta, each clearly delineating a successive stage in their tragic destiny.

Luchino Visconti, whose universal theatrical genius is comparable in scope (though not in kind) to that of Max Reinhardt, has not only directed this production, but designed elaborate sets and costumes as magnificent as they are unfailingly appropriate. Working in the closest collaboration with Carlo Maria Giulini, a conductor sensitive to each facet of Verdi's genius, he has given us an action plausible in every detail, never in conflict with the music (King Philip's noble pair of wolfhounds are the only conceivable exception), but on the contrary reinforcing and vitalising the music's intentions at every point. The strong cast contained only one weak element: there is much in Fedora Barbieri's Eboli to admire, but she forced her rich mezzo (and had to pay for it when she got to her big aria) and in general gave us a salty character rather too near Mistress Quickly for an amorous Princess. As the Queen, Gré Brouwenstijn, whose voice lacks something of Italian warmth, shaped her phrases in an aristocratic manner seldom achieved in Italy. The men were all first-rate. Jon Vickers, who has made immense strides in his art, sang nobly, delivering certain phrases of Don Carlo's music with a tragic intensity worthy of Martinelli – I know of no higher praise. More beautiful accounts of Philip's great scena, 'Ella giammai m'amò', have been heard, but few singers can have realised the character of the Spanish King so completely and so persuasively as Boris Christoff. The finest performance of all – impeccable in bearing, in declamation and in solidity and purity of musical line – came from Tito Gobbi as Rodrigo, Marquis of Posa. The orchestra contributed handsomely to our pleasure. I have said too little of Signor Giulini's conducting: it was masterly and beautiful, like almost everything else in the long and memorable evening.

By the time these lines appear, *Elektra* will have been revived at Covent Garden with almost the same fine cast that was assembled last autumn: Rudolf Kempe again conducts, Gerda Lammers is the Elektra, and there is a new Chrysothemis in Marianne Schech. On 4 June there is to be a new production of *Tristan und Isolde*; *The Trojans* will be revived for five performances beginning on 16 June; and on 20 June there will be the first of five *Traviata* evenings in Italian, with a cast headed by Maria Callas. The management have modestly refrained from describing all this activity as a 'Covent Garden Centenary Gala Festival'; nevertheless, they have offered their patrons an operatic programme of which any great house might well feel proud. It is to be hoped that attendance will not be affected by bus or any other strikes. And this reminds me that the enterprising organisers of the first English performance of Stravinsky's *Agon* on Wednesday next (Festival Hall, 11 p.m.) are understandably concerned lest intending visitors should anticipate being stranded for the night with nothing but their memories of the concert to sleep on. I am assured that the music will be over by midnight: that is to say, well before the scheduled times of the last underground trains.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Variation on a Theme

THE Theme is Dumas's *La Dame aux Camélias*, and Mr Terence Rattigan's Variation is hard, merciless, unrelenting and 'absolutely modern'. He has given us in Rose Fish a Marguerite who has climbed, by a single-hearted devotion to her trade, from the suburbs of Birmingham to a crumbling chateau on the Riviera; and there on the terrace she has securely hooked, as her fifth, Kurt Mast, the 'gutter tycoon' for Dusseldorf who now owns the half of the Ruhr that matters. The milieu, then, has shifted but the personages are the same, though it may take a little time to recognise them, no longer softened behind the romantic gauze of the Second Empire setting and another language. For we've never, have we, looked at Marguerite's life straight? We cannot help misting the contours of the life of that famous *poule de luxe* as we look back on her, knowing her ready to make the great renunciation which has so to speak redeemed the grand tart for us down the ages.

But there is no softening, no misting of the edges, round Rose Fish as Mr Rattigan has written her and as Miss Margaret Leighton presents her at the Globe Theatre. Those harsh, flat Birmingham 'a's are never far away from that voice and you don't climb to the top of her profession by purity and consideration for others or even for yourself. Fortunes are not made that way, and your future has to be made in your clients' time of relaxation. You are selling not only your looks, which are stunning, but the small hours of morning after morning, in night clubs and casinos, keeping going with brandy which is fatal to you and shutting your eyes in bed.

That is the first jerk which Mr Rattigan gives

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Bellini: **Norma**—

Casta diva;

Verdi: **Nabucco**—

Anch'io dischiuso un giorno

CEP 521

Verdi: **I Vespri Siciliani**—

Mercè, dilette amiche

Ernani—Ernani, involami

Spontini:

Agnes von Hohenstaufen—

O re dei cieli

Puccini: **Tosca**—

Vissi d'arte

CEP 522

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to our romantic affection for the old tale. And it is given, beautifully hard and sharp from the very start, in Miss Margaret Leighton's glittering performance. But the glitter is not the soft glitter that comes up from the gold in the heart of the courtesan of romantic fiction; it is the harsh glitter of the chromium plating of our own day. And for those with any literary-dramatic sensibility at all, half the pleasure of an absorbing evening will come from the play the dramatist makes with the expectations lying there in our memories, precisely with the shifting variation on the theme. This Armand is a dancer from the Monte Carlo ballet, Ron Vale, whom she has come across with his 'friend' at the Casino; and what he has to convince her of in the first place is not, romantically, of his love, but physically of his ability – 'Do you believe I go for women?' That proved, Armand insinuates himself by his defencelessness into the heart; he becomes an obsession; and, like de Giray, Kurt Mast finds he is keeping an equally penniless and equally expensive Armand: and Rose-Marguerite is driven to choosing between them.

This brings us to the trickiest point in the telling of the old tale. Rose-Marguerite must be persuaded to give him up; but from what motive? And surely we are not going to be asked to find a residue of purity in that chromium-plated heart? No, we are not. Mr Rattigan has one of his more brilliant modulations for this episode. Not the father, but the father-figure, Ron's protector Sam, is to effect the change. It is a masterly duologue, this in which the disillusioned ex-lover and the all too illusioned new lover discuss the object of their differing appetites; and (forgetting the theme entirely) a compellingly truthful one. Which is the better future for the admittedly unimportant little go-getter Ron Vale? The ballet, for which he has at least enough aptitude to get by with second leads? Or being 'made a man of' which may only mean being turned into a male Rose Fish?

The dramatist manipulates his chosen form through to the end with its echoes and transmutations. He even finds an off-key equivalent for the romanticism without which the transformation of the original would not be complete. I emphasise the element of the transmutation in *Variation on a Theme* not because it cannot be enjoyed otherwise. Even those to whom The Lady of the Camellias is only an unplaceable phrase will, I think, be absorbed. But an artist is entitled to ask us to meet him on his chosen ground. The choice dictates the formal shape. We are not, at the moment it seems, in the mood to appreciate formal values; we prefer the formless gush and the shapeless sprawl. But those who do still appreciate them will, with the original in mind, find Mr Rattigan's solutions of the formidable problems his choice raises extraordinarily satisfying. This play is composed, not evacuated, and it is artfully composed.

It is Mr Rattigan's best play so far. In addition to its shape, it is passionate, raw and truthful. No play of his has been written with such economy and weight: a single line of deceptive simplicity will carry three meanings, echoing the past, dramatising the present, hinting the future. In no play has he compromised less. It is this, I suggest, which has dismayed his critics. Recently in these columns my colleague David Sylvester bracketed him with John Piper as an artist fatally contaminated with too great a wish to please. The charge can no longer stick. How easy it would have been for a writer of his temperament to produce a modern version of *La Dame* which did please and how his detractors would then have enjoyed their sentimental evening with the additional luxury of being able to sneer! Deprived of their enjoyment in the obvious sense, they have merely sneered. Certainly *Variation on a Theme* is a hard play to like: it is too uncomfortable. But I shall risk the prophecy that it will make its own way slowly forward, without much help from anyone, into the group of those plays of our time which deserve respect.

Marguerite is a part that has presented the grand challenge to actresses ever since it was written, and we can trust Mr Rattigan completely to provide an equivalent for that. Miss Margaret Leighton meets the challenge with a superlative display; hers is the finest piece of dramatic acting we have seen since Dame Peggy's Hedda Gabler. She distils sensuality as a civet cat its scent and evaluates the effluence exactly in hard currency. Who less likely to be caught in the obsessional trap, and what more heart-aching than her struggle, painfully prolonged, to disengage. Those who can remain unmoved by her are worse than senseless things. Mr Michael Goodliffe, as Duval père, conducts his one long scene with a dry disillusionment which is most telling, and Mr Jeremy Brett is in the circumstances convincing enough. Sir John Gielgud's direction is too polished in a play which required a harsher line and jaggeder edges all the way through.

T. C. WORSLEY

Big Screens and Little

To the Odeon, Tottenham Court Road, where some while ago we all trooped for the unveiling of CinemaScope, an occasion of Clair-like fantasy, with Money talking in the fairy form of Mr Skyros P. Skouras, and a whiskered Genius (who had given birth to a Lens) being led in from the wings: to this same, historic Odeon now comes the latest in gargantuan fashion, Cinemiracle. Big screens, if not films, have come quite a way in the meantime. We have had Cinerama, wonderful so long as we pretend not to mind its jiggling triptych; Todd globe-trotter and then Todd-AO, not quite so embracing, with a tendency to shape horizontal lines into rainbows; and now Cinemiracle, vast, high, with curvature corrected (more or less), and joins smoothed and the thrills of the world ahead of us.

Windjammer arrives just in time for any who may be getting tired of roller-coasters or plane rolls. It's a nice, big thrill in an old-fashioned way, Masefield for the million, and, never fear, there will be high seas when they are needed. It's wonderful, it's kinaesthetic, it's wet! New York has been wallowing in it for months, and probably you'll do the same. *You* in this case are the non-patron of cinemas, the one whose attendance has fallen off; this kind of thing (it is hoped) will bring you back. And so for a while it may. The ticket-holders and the bus loads will roll up; windjammers will be followed by buggy rides and rocket flights, elephant hunts, *I Married an Octopus*, and Mr Cecil B. DeMille's *The Good Book*, with 'full participation'.

Participation is the catch word, the thing they are out to sell. They want to involve people more in what is going on on the screen, because people have tended (and no wonder) to become in a cinema mere hand-holders of ice-suckers; and this is the big business way of doing it. Business goes back, with a flourish, to the infancy of the cinema when precisely this spreeing on high seas or mountain railways drew the curious. It certainly does enlarge the cinema's early sightseeing, with a touch of something older from Pantheons and dioramas. Pope in his island grotto, enjoying among sea-shells and crystals a *camera obscura* of the river flowing past, experienced much the same delight. Or was his rather the foretaste of Telly? The mirror up to nature in a grand or a miniature way?

This question of size, of being caught up into the seething mural or pinned to a live postage stamp, has become urgent for me since I bought a TV set. My honeymoon with it is, I suppose, over: I no longer start in the morning and go on all day, eating snacks off my knee. (*Our* honeymoon, I should say; for of course it's a family affair, Telly being the third, the presence something between a goldfish bowl and a baby that yells.) I no longer twiddle knobs, or dart from one programme to another, from potting time to Dr Bronowski's all-in wrestling with Thought. It no longer agonises me to be held in conversation at the door while I know that Maverick is starting a new deal or that the MPs with Christian names, 'keeping politics out of it', will by now have threatened one another with Election day. Cowboys, road patrols, the tra-la or ads., and Hitchcock after dark aren't what they were. There is a good deal of old stage, cinema, and radio junk about this peep-show into the everyday unknown. Even so, quite a residue of fresh contacts, of 'participation', remains. The Telly has one trump card which it always seems about to play with devastating effect: the present moment. Films, even newspapers, only know the present moment when it is past. Here we hover on the brink of the future. It may be only the ball that will

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tumble a New Zealand wicket, the chorus girl's leg lifting, the tired pause on the steps of the Trade Union leader, a mouse coming above ground in Surrey; but there the illusion and the enormous possibility are – of having a grip on the tails of Time flying.

So I watch owl-eyed. I? Not Whitebait, but Whale, slumped opposite his bright panel in the half-light. My days are now split, schizophrenic as, like Alice with her drink-me and eat-this, now incredibly shrinking, now grown vast as Atlas, I shoot from one extreme to the other. Do these worlds coincide? At moments, when, for example, the TV gives me a skit of tacheism reviving the knockabout that has, alas!, almost vanished from films, or when in a film unpromisingly named *The Street of Shame* one discovers the calm compassion so oddly reflecting one side of the Japanese character. At times also, I must admit, I get my roles mixed; and Whale looks at *Windjammer* through the wrong end of the telescope.

So far as direct competition with films is concerned, TV at the moment hardly touches the fringe of what the cinema has done and can do in the future. But it takes the shine out of the news theatre, that refuge for anyone despairing of the unreal run of films, where amid news that is stale, travel-hackneyed, and 'interest'-restricted to the lack of it, moments of actuality do steal out. Newspaper placards, too, I find, have lost some glamour (Train Hits Buffers). Better communications, it has been suggested, make for easier relations; and in a world growing tenser and more aware of itself my Lilliput screen, I feel, is going to be more help than the Brobdingnag of *Windjammer, Round the World in 80 Days,* and *Seven Wonders of the World.*

The latest news from the super-screen world is of smellies: yes, very soon Miss Monroe's presence may be additionally conveyed by her hair-scent, to be quickly followed by the beefsteak whiff from her plate. What has created the possibility of this novel access to experience is the artful use of dispellants or neutralisers to banish one odour so that another may take its place. So will be realised that old longing of Stravinsky, who dabbled with a concerto for scent-sprays and orchestra, but was checked by this nuisance of how to keep scents on the move. Perhaps feelies are closer than we think. Shall we find ourselves embraced by a 20-foot giant – or will it be the tickle of midgets at one's fireside? We can only sit and see.

Meanwhile I hurry to switch on, and towards me leans Mr Harding with the earnestness of heartburn.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

I Am a Stereophone

IT is not easy for me, on a Sunday morning, to turn myself into one corner of an equilateral triangle. I did so last Sunday, however, at the behest of the BBC – disposing myself, my TV set, and my radio-set to form the triangle's three corners, about twelve feet apart – in order to test the new development known as stereophonic sound, which 'adds a new dimension to listening'. The only way in which I could try to obey the imperative 'the volume must be the same for each set' was to turn both on full. This must have been correct because, as we were told that it should, the sound seemed to come from a point midway between the sets – from, in my case, an early drawing by Dali called *Mère mangeant son fils.* When, however, it was of its nature antiphonal (as in a table-tennis match, in which the click of the balls alternated with cries and stifled oaths from the players, or in a passage of dialogue from *The Beggar's Opera*) it seemed to come, as it would in real life, from each side in turn – an even stranger phenomenon, since it was in fact coming equally from both sets.

I must say that the effect was startlingly realistic, and also, sometimes, deafening. When an express train rushed through the room, the floor did – literally, I swear – tremble, and, since we are seven miles from a station, the cook nearly dropped the *quiche Lorraine* she was making in the kitchen. The 'three-dimensional' claim is not exaggerated: this sound is as different from ordinary radio reproduction as a stereoscopic picture is from a 'flat' one; and, being broadcast from tape, is free from the surface scratch or hiss of discs. It also gives those who were duffers at stinks the thrill of taking part in a successful scientific experiment – rather as if we were among the young 'subjects' in Dr Bronowski's ITV series, which ends next Monday. I am grateful to the BBC engineers for this experience, which had the additional beauty of being as 'pure' as an all-white Ben Nicholson, since the hand-out questionnaire about it ends: 'Will all broadcasting be like this soon?' 'There are no plans at present, because of great practical difficulties and cost'.

Having myself taken a crack now and then at apparent right-wing bias in *Panorama,* I was amused to see that it had been under fire from some Tories for its allegedly left-wing handling of the current increase in unemployment. I personally thought this edition absolutely fair and factual, intensely moving, and much less didactic than, for instance, the film of *Love on the Dole,* which ITV revived on Saturday night (most instructively for the young). I happened to watch this *Panorama* in the company of one of the better ITV magnates, who murmured, in admiring chagrin, '*We* ought to have done this'. There was no suggestion that the problem was not, at present, mainly local: the harrowingly raw interviews were from Tyneside and Clydeside, Belfast and South-West Wales. One or two of those interviewed did, I think, subversively opine that the government ought to do something about it; but if you can't make a programme respectable by putting Sir Oliver Franks in it, what standards then remain?

Panorama, which has its ups and downs, is very much up just now. Even its royal occasion this week – Princess Margaret at a Mansion House dinner – was of interest, for Princess Margaret seems to be developing a prose style of some distinction, with echoes in it of . . . who? Trollope? Charlotte M. Yonge? Saki? Monsignor Knox? (One phrase was 'not only a delight but a sort of miracle'.) The visit to the Mormon temple in Surrey was also fascinating, in its appalling way. ('Our Father in heaven' forbids tea and coffee as well as alcohol and tobacco.) But, if it isn't blasphemy to say so, I thought that we had, on Monday, too much Fuchs. The BBC always tends to lose its head about a 'national occasion'. Shining as the achievement of Fuchs and his companions is, *four* separate TV programmes about them in one day, plus items in the news, became indigestible; nor was the *Panorama* interview with them of any great consequence, since David Attenborough made it clear, in his easy, charming way, that all the real stuff was to be saved for another programme next Sunday. This, no doubt will answer two elementary questions that some ill-informed people, who skipped all the newspaper-stories still ask: What was it all *for*? and What is it really *like* (other than cold and white)? At least the BBC people, unlike some of those on ITV, sound the sixth letter in Antarctic.

TOM DRIBERG

Three Landscapes

LAST week I referred to some landscapes by Karl Weschke. Now two more exhibitions of landscapes by young artists have opened. All three painters are unusually talented. They are also sufficiently distinct in aims and vision for us and them to benefit from making comparisons between their different approaches.

Weschke (New Vision Centre) is the most intense of the three, the most clearly identified with his subjects. His dark, turgid canvases may at first look almost abstract, but in fact his large brush as it comes down the hillside is as much on the ground and as sensitive to the modulations of the slope as a one-man toboggan. Weschke rides his landscapes. Consequently his paintings vividly convey the weight and 'settlement' of his landscape forms. But – also consequently – some of them lack any free circulation of air. We, like the tobogganer, are forced to travel with our heads just above the earth.

Manolis Calliyannis (Leicester Galleries) is Greek and Parisian. His landscapes are full of dissolving Aegean light and Parisian skill. He does not ride his landscapes. On the contrary – all his forms are broken up into separate and bright marks of colour that fly like oblong or triangular kites in the air. There is space, sky, heat, whilst

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the earth, seen from the sky, is no more tangible than a momentary reflection in a window. In a series of four large, thundery blue canvases of clouds buffeting a mountain, this space becomes an impressive arena for the encounter of definite and purposeful forms. But in other pictures the dissolution, although enchanting and elegant, is too great: then the painting becomes no more than a regatta of coloured marks. Weschke might envy Calliyannis his juggler's touch but consider some of his work facile; Calliyannis might envy Weschke's his sense of place but consider his pigment coarse and ugly. They would both be right.

If Weschke's belongs to the earth and Calliyannis to the air, it isn't just a sense of literary neatness which makes me say that Morley Bury's element is water. Bury (Zwemmer Gallery) does not paint water as a subject. But the distinctive characteristic of his work is his swift, fluid use of oil paint – a little like Ivon Hitchens, and a little like de Staël. Floors of paint unroll like linoleum towards the horizon. A hedge becomes a green wall like the wall of water beneath a weir. A tree becomes an explosion – three or five dashes of paint gushing up and outwards from a single point on the ground. Yet for all this freedom and fluidity of method, Bury's paintings remain surprisingly literal. His forms, if seen in silhouette, are almost photographic. And it is from this literalness that a certain triviality comes into his work. There is space, tonal observation, colour, a fine control of the medium – sometimes involving glazing – but where is the vision that all this must serve? The painter has got to do more than translate nature into terms of paint, he must use paint to explain nature. Bury is at the moment a little too purely a translator. He could learn – that is to say gain confidence – from Weschke's example of passionate identification and Calliyannis's example of formalisation. But they could both learn from him about handling their medium.

JOHN BERGER

Correspondence

THE REVOLT OF COMMON SENSE

SIR,—I am sure I am not the only one of your Socialist readers to feel increasingly disturbed by the growing irresponsibility with which you write about the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign. It is not good enough when a journal like the NEW STATESMAN uses emotive language such as 'preparations for suicide', 'intention passively to be murdered', etc., as synonyms for 'possession of the H-Bomb'. This is the identical language used by the authors, critics and television dons who address the Campaign's meetings with gibes at what they mistakenly believe to be the policy of both the major political parties (always good for a round of applause, this).

As a helper in the Oxford University Campaign, whose aim was to stimulate intelligent thought about the issues involved, I cannot but feel that marches to Aldermaston and Brize Norton (surely anti-American?) cut no ice with anyone except those who take part, and appear rather ludicrous to the rest of us. The only way to change the government's policy is to change the government; and this is rendered more difficult by the Campaign's 'people versus politicians' fiction, which only encourages the electoral apathy which the Tory press has been trying so hard to create since 1951.

MARTIN SHELTON

St John's College
Oxford.

SIR,—In your front-page article of 10 May you say that the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is not 'supported' by the Communist Party, and that the Communists are 'embarrassed by the obvious retort that the Soviet Union should also abandon nuclear weapons'.

In the South Midlands at least—and I have yet to learn that we are out of step with other districts—the Communist Party supported the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament from the first. As to embarrassment, no doubt we should be 'embarrassed' but for the fact that the Soviet Union has with damnable iteration proposed all-round nuclear disarmament ever since nuclear weapons were invented, and has itself unilaterally suspended nuclear tests. The *Daily Worker* featured the Aldermaston March and will no doubt feature other activities of the Campaign.

I suspect that your prattle about embarrassment is designed to cover your own embarrassment that the Campaign, though not, of course, 'inspired', is supported by the Communist Party. You would be very 'embarrassed' if your middle-class readers smeared you with fellow-travelling.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

[Does the Communist Party accept the principle of unilateral nuclear disarmament? Or has it decided to 'support' a mass movement which was started without Communists and built up without them?—ED., *NS*.]

MARCH ON LONDON

SIR,—In response to requests from those living far from London who wish to join in the forthcoming March on London, it has been decided to defer the latter from 8 June to 22 June. This, we hope, will enable people all over Britain to join together in groups and make arrangements to travel down to London by car or coach.

PAT ARROWSMITH
Organising Secretary
Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War
344 Seven Sisters Road, N4

NEO-TROTSKYIST

SIR,—Critic's definition of 'neo-Trotskyist' is formally satisfactory; and I know nothing of the hecklers at the St Pancras meeting. But one wishes Labour Party (and CP) members would not use the term Trotskyist for *any* Socialist who believes that the Russian Revolution, at least if isolated, could not, in its historical context, create Socialism, with or without Stalinism.

Trotsky (and Djilas hardly goes further) seems to have held to the last that, but for the *bureaucracy*, Russia could at least have initiated Socialism in fact. This is contrary to both Marxism and common sense. In a society where, at the time of revolution, the productive forces are so undeveloped that the gap between aggregate resources and the provision of basic necessities (let alone plenty) for all cannot be bridged in a reasonably short time, a market-economy with a perpetual scramble for personal and family security is psychologically inevitable, however it may be masked by Socialist jargon or aspirations. And scarcity-*value* becomes built-in.

The evidence supporting this general principle in the case of Russia is varied and plentiful, though British Socialists seem largely taken in by pseudo-Socialist *forms*. At all events, you need not be a Trotskyist to believe that Russia is a state Capitalist society.

BASIL DRUITT

47 Barrack Road
Christchurch
Hants

BASE INGRATITUDE

SIR,—Dennis Potter's article 'Base Ingratitude' is to my mind yet another attempt by one of us young folk to express a growing distrust of the bad, materialistic values on which our society is based. From early childhood we are bullied and trained to 'get on' and to aim at 'good prospects'. Under no circumstances are we to stop and worry about Tom, Dick and Harry. If they cannot pass exams or their parents cannot afford the more expensive school uniforms, it is just too bad.

As we get older and try to get higher up the hill of success the opportunities for advance get fewer, the competition keener and our ruthlessness worse.

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selfish materialism suddenly vanishes for a brief moment and the repressed good in man suddenly shines forth. Class, race, colour, religion, politics, rank and favour all are temporarily forgotten as love of man for man takes command.

Alas, as soon as it is decent to do so the old Establishment reasserts itself and love of fellow man is hidden out of sight again.

If there is going to be *any* future for us young folk then surely it is time we revolted and insisted that love of fellow man must replace the present love of self.

Is it perhaps time we started an Army of Peace whose volunteers pledged themselves not merely to renounce war, but by hard work to build a world where all the land was devoted to feeding all mankind and not just privileged sections, where all had a home that was truly their own with their own acre or two of land if they wanted it and where all men lived at peace with no bosses anywhere?

A few years ago such an idea was pure fantasy and so was the idea of complete obliteration, but, thanks to the pioneer work of Gandhi, it looks as though his followers led by Vinoba Bhave are now proving the former could be a possibility, as the scientists have proved the latter *is*.

ARTHUR DARLINGTON

Tyllwyd
Llanon Cards

SIR,—Following the article by Mr Dennis Potter in your issue of 3 May, may I, as a 'product' of the East End and Christ Church, and an unhappy member of the first historic generation of pyjama-wearing working-class, suggest the emergency creation of, at least, an Oxford University Cockney Club? Obviously, Mr Potter is no cockney. But for a cockney the problems posed and experienced by Mr Potter are, I believe, more difficult. For many reasons the cockney is in a weaker psychological position than the miner's son. Admass has made broader inroads on cockney than on mining communities. An OUCC might—through political, social and artistic activities—shape a creative *community* of young, literate, and temporarily POW working-class people. I do not mean simply to combat any individual loneliness.

RAYMOND HERMAN

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LABOUR AND EDUCATION

SIR,—Whatever the Labour Party or Mr St John Reade would like, the only educational programme which is at once progressive and possible is one which aims at creating a bigger and better elite and also at providing an education suited to the limited gifts of those to whom not the politicians, not the educationists, and not the teachers, but Nature herself, has been ungenerous.

When Mr Reade and those who think like him flatter the less gifted and the positively inferior folk with the fairy story that, but for wicked politicians and bad educational policies, Britain could have a highly educated democratic community, they are cruelly encouraging hopes which are doomed to disappointment. True, Mr Reade did not say *highly* educated, but I take that to be his meaning. The truth is that teachers have to work like beavers to produce a community that is literate, and mediocrity is a fact which even Mr Reade can recognise when, instead of looking at those who fall for his propaganda, he turns to those who oppose him.

Those who do oppose Mr Reade would be as happy as he if all human beings were capable of achieving excellence—or, failing excellence, of achieving a high standard—in important fields which demand substantial gifts, hard work, and good education and training, but the fact is that Nature is not egalitarian.

It is no brave or Herculean task to persuade the mediocre and the ungifted that they are highly gifted folk who have been unjustly treated by the politicians. But such flattery is nothing but vote-bait, and serves only to stir up envy and malice. It is worth noting, too, that many able trade union leaders were denied a first-rate education only because they were born too early. Were they children seeking grammar school places today they would be welcomed rather than denied.

F. G. TAYLOR

Thorley School House
Bishop's Stortford

SEX IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—It is of interest to note that in 1958 boys of a well-known public school are caned if they are seen talking with girls and are liable to expulsion if the offence occurs again. I do not say that this is typical of public schools throughout the country but my source of information about this one school is reliable enough for me to think it true.

The attitude of the 'powers that be' in public schools towards heterosexual relationships is, however, rather quaint. For a boarding public school boy to have a girl friend is out of the question. No nunnery wall was ever so high.

The origin of all this comes, strangely enough, from the Church. The idea that it is sinful to even think of girls is tacitly propagated and one might almost say that religion was anti-sex; at least, the 'God help me to shoot as many Russians as I can' sort of religion which seems to be the fashion in schools of this sort.

Putting aside the temptation to discuss the immense harm sexual repression can do, I will make two points which I think important. First, homosexuality is already rife in public schools. It is in conditions like these that it breeds. It may get worse. Secondly, an adolescent deprived of sexual outlet for long periods may, when he finally has his girl friend, pursue his relationship to its physical fulfilment—a disaster to all concerned.

Let us hope that something will soon be done. I am the head boy of a public school. Please do not publish my name and address, for this letter 'lets the side down' badly.

HEAD BOY

DEMOTIC ENGLISH

SIR,—I also have lived and worked among different types of people using what Mr Hyams calls 'demotic English', and would like to offer a possible explanation of this usage, other than 'the great good sense and deep respect for life which distinguishes the English working-class'.

Does it not lie rather in a very deep-rooted sexual antagonism between men and women? Ever since mankind first gathered together round the camp fire women must have had reasons of one sort or another to ward off the ceaseless importunities of men, and they in their turn had to conceal their motives, at least from eligible women, and pretend that the grapes were sour.

The words are rarely used by women (and then with glaring incongruity), and only by men *to* men, which suggests an archetypal conspiracy seeking recognition in mutual verbal exhibitionism; where forbidden deeds and things are symbolically flaunted as short and brutal words, by men who instinctively feel them to be derogatory to ideas named in association with them. They are normally tabu for women, not because women are inherently less violent in speech, but because they are not in the 'plot'.

The cause of Mr Hyams's early embarrassment was not, I am sure, the content of the words themselves (the effect would presumably not have been produced by a male questioner), but the sense of having been found out by the 'other side'.

W. L. GOODMAN

105 Jerningham Road, SE14

FAMILY SERVICE

SIR,—In your comments on the report of the Fisher Group you applaud the proposal for a social service for the family in distress as though this were a com-

Campaign for
NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

HOUNSLOW

Town Hall 16th May **8 p.m.**

Dr. E. H. BURHOP
FRANK BESWICK, M.P
Rev. R. D. REDMAN

COLCHESTER

Town Hall 19th May **7.30 p.m.**

Rev. MICHAEL SCOTT

CHELMSFORD

Shire Hall 19th May **7.30 p.m.**

Canon L. JOHN COLLINS
Dr. NICOLAS MALLESON
ROBERT DAVIES

CHELTENHAM

Town Hall 19th May **8 p.m.**

A. J. P. TAYLOR
Dr. ANTOINETTE PIRIE
HAROLD STEELE

ILFORD

Youth and the H-Bomb

Lambourne Room, Town Hall **8.5 special**
19th May

MERVYN JONES
WILLIAM CRAMPTON
IRENE JACOBY

MANCHESTER

Free Trade Hall & Albert Hall **7.30 p.m.**
21st May

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER
Prof. W. J. MACKENZIE
Canon L JOHN COLLINS
LORD SIMON OF WYTHENSHAWE
Sir STEPHEN KING-HALL
HORACE NEWBOLD
A. J. P. TAYLOR

TAUNTON

Municipal Hall 22nd May **7.30 p.m.**

Rev. MICHAEL SCOTT
JOHN BERGER
STUART MORRIS
Col. GEOFFREY TAYLOR
BRIAN BAILEY

ENFIELD

Enfield County School Hall, Holly Walk 8 p.m.
22nd May

Dr. ALEX COMFORT
Dr. S. GAILIN
Film : Japanese Fisherman

LEWES

Corn Exchange **8 p.m.**
23rd May

KINGSLEY MARTIN
Rev. KENNETH RAWLINGS

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INDEX TO VOL. LIV

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IAN CROSS. " Katharine Mansfield would have hailed her fellow New Zealander." *Observer.* 12/6

ANDRE DEUTSCH

pletely new conception. This Association, formed in 1940, has as its main object the strengthening of just such family case work and is the professional association of workers in this branch of the social services.

We realise, however, that the relatively few general family case work agencies and the eleven Family Service Units cannot hope to offer the nation-wide coverage necessary if the needs of such families are to be adequately met. In our own evidence to the Ingleby Committee, therefore, we recommend that a Royal Commission or working party be appointed to investigate the whole field of social service and the best use of the trained social workers available. We also, with the Fisher Group, suggest that local authorities should accept responsibility for the establishment of a family service in the long run, but feel that with the comparatively few case workers available with special training for this work, an interim period is necessary until a more complete service can be set up and staffed.

JESSICA SETH-SMITH
Hon. Secretary

The Association of General and Family
Care Workers
296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1

JUNG AND THE JEWS

SIR,—It was heartening to read Robert Graves' review of Dr Carl G. Jung's *The Undiscovered Self.* Psychiatrists have been reluctant to discuss the long-known aberrations of Jung. Too many writers on Jung have only skimmed his voluminous pseudo-mystical writings or—for diverse reasons—have chosen to be what we in America call 'yes men'.

An examination of Jung's record will make plain his motives for employing what Robert Graves finds 'most unpalatable in this book . . . a political expediency that condemns Stalin as a monster . . . yet makes no direct mention of Hitler's deliberate massacre of three million Jews'. As far back as 1914 Freud wrote that Jung had 'certain racial prejudices which he had permitted himself to enjoy'.

That Freud was right became evident in 1927 when *Der Leuchter,* an annual edited by Hermann Keyserling, featured Jung's article entitled 'Earth Conditioning of the Psyche'. Examples of the asininities it contains are the following:

> It is natural that in the dreams of my American patients the Negro plays no small role as an expression of the inferior side of their personalities. In similar cases Europeans would dream of tramps or other representatives of the lower classes.
>
> Thus, the American presents to us a strange picture: A European with Negro mannerisms and an Indian soul.

In 1928, with the publication of Jung's *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology,* his pseudo-scientific utterances regarding 'Jewish psychology' became public knowledge.

Early in the summer of 1932 Jung joined a number of European physicians in signing a petition 'to protest against the possibility of another world war', but in November of the same year he delivered a pro-dictatorship 'lecture' at the Kulturbund, in Vienna. Nevertheless, psychiatrists were shocked when, in December 1933, Jung emerged as editor of the Nazified *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie,* published in Leipzig under the direction of Dr M. H. Göring, *Reichsfuhrer* of German Psychotherapy—a relative of Hermann Göring. In his Introduction Jung declared that thenceforth 'the definite distinctions between Germanic and Jewish psychology, long apparent to sensible people, shall no longer be obscured'. There was an accompanying communication from Dr Göring, stressing the importance of 'a serious study of Adolf Hitler's fundamental book, *Mein Kampf*', and its employment as 'a basic work'.

In the second issue of the *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie,* early in 1934, Jung featured his own article entitled 'The Present Status of Psychotherapy', in which he told of the extraordinary accomplishments of National Socialism, and of the wonders to be expected. He contrasted the deficiencies of the 'Jewish psychology' with the superiorities of the 'Aryan psychology', which he described as 'anything but the garbage-bin of unfulfillable childhood wishes and unadjusted family resentments'.

On 27 February 1934, the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* published Dr Gustav Bally's article entitled 'German Psychotherapy', sharply critical of Jung's affiliation with the Nazis. Jung replied with two articles, the first of which appeared on 13 March 1934, under the heading 'Present Day Affairs'. Jung defended his collaboration with the Nazis, reminded his readers that 'Jewish psychology' had long been his problem, and declared: 'In 1913 I wrote it officially on my banner—a necessary reform in psychology'.

After being honoured at the Harvard Tercentenary, in 1936, Jung went to London, where he lectured to physicians on 'Psychology and National Problems'. When interviewed by the *Observer* he branched out into a 'psycho-political analysis' in which he made statements such as these:

> Communistic or Socialistic democracy is an upheaval of the unfit against attempts at order. . . . This state of disorder called democratic freedom or liberalism brings its own reactions—enforced order.
>
> The SS men are being transformed into a caste of knights ruling 60 million natives.

The January 1939 issue of *Cosmopolitan,* an American monthly, featured 'Diagnosing The Dictators—An Interview with C. G. Jung', in which he declared: 'Stalin is just a brute—a shrewd peasant, an instinctive powerful beast . . . '. He described Hitler as 'a truly mystic medicine man', 'a form of spiritual vessel', 'a demi-deity', in whose eyes was 'the look of a seer'.

In 1953 the Bollingen Foundation brought out the latest edition of Jung's *Two Essays on Analytical Psychology,* edited by Herbert Read. On page 149 are the selfsame anti-Semitic theories which appeared in the 1928 edition, and which were the foundation for Jung's anti-Semitic writings in the *Zentralblatt.*

The facts explain why, in *The Undiscovered Self,* Jung continues to revile Stalin but chooses to avoid any direct mention of Hitler. Perhaps the key to the discovery of the true self of Carl Jung is given by himself on pages 211-212 of *The Integration of the Personality,* where he declared: 'Mystification can be pure bluff for the obvious purpose of exploiting the credulous'.

ALBERT D. PARELHOFF

875 West End Avenue
New York 25

SIR,—Mr Robert Graves has pointed out a few of the inconsistencies shown in Professor Jung's most recent publication. Jung is the originator of that spectacular statement: 'Find me the normal man and I will cure him'. At the same time when we examine his works we find the most conventional attitude taken when any abnormality occurs. It is interesting also to see in the more recent translations how these harsh opinions are somewhat softened down—but nevertheless the core remains.

It is to be regretted that some of his more progressive adherents had not observed these inconsistencies and persuaded him to eliminate them altogether.

PATRIC F. O'KEEFFE

42a Connaught Street
W2

THE QUESTION

SIR,—In the review of *The Question* by Henri Alleg, Sartre's statement that 'Tortured and torturer are one' (the torturer says to Alleg 'If the tables were turned—') is quoted in agreement. Surely the tragedy is that they are not? It is demonstrably true of the adherents of a church or political ideology but under no circumstances could it be true of a humanist. That is precisely why the hope of civilisation rests with humanism and not with religion or politics.

G. F. GREEN

Batcombe
Shepton Mallet

BOOKS IN GENERAL

From Eden to Armageddon

ALL culture subsists on myth-making. Each generation values and re-values the immediate past, sitting in drumhead and partisan judgment on its ageing predecessor. This natural process is unfair but necessary. Without it, there could be no march or counter-march of ideas and our intellectual life would come to a ball-point full-stop.

The praises and censures of Bloomsbury have been temporarily exhausted. That old Trojan horse will go on yielding up its meagre secrets to American scholarship with the fair-to-middling results typical of such hero-worshipping card-index theses*. But on our side of the Atlantic we have had enough of the subject for the time being. What, in the words of Count Tolstoy's translator, Must We Then Do Now?

Reading this admirable book†, I think that I have found a solution: it is one primarily for those of us in our middle-thirties who are unwilling to throw up the sponge and join the cultural Republic of Pals – the literary Plevens and Pinays with their hunger for the Centre, their ever dwindling audience and their compensating C.B.E.s. So much on the one hand. On the other, we are too old and complacent to pull angry young faces on the extreme Left, slam our desks in demonstration against the inferiority complex engendered by the Welfare State and make studied exits from the Chamber of the Royal Court Theatre. Mine is a daring and a Gaullist solution. Briefly, we must resurrect 'the Souls'. Old Souls, of course (using the expression in George Macdonald's sense of moral and mental maturity) but not All Souls. The first instalment of Lady Diana Cooper's autobiography embodies the ethos of that gallant company. It outlines a set of determinate virtues that have been absent from the English social and cultural scene for far too long.

Who were 'the Souls'? Lord Vansittart, in his autobiography (a far more egregious and interesting social document than Mr Crossman indicated in these columns last week) tells us that they were 'a clique of high-bred and high-browed persons who had fadingly survived the *fin de siècle*' into the 1900-1914 era, and he adds, with an Edwardian bedroom leer, that 'their conduct was more carnal than their name'. This is a loaded and inaccurate statement. (The Souls never affected the Bloomsbury sniff but they were grand snubbers and one imagines that young too-clever-by-half Mr V. had at some time been snubbed.) In fact, they were a group of exceptionally gifted, dashing, selfish, witty and sympathetic men and women who did themselves well, lived in one another's pockets and (here they differed from Bloomsbury), while welcoming talent in every form, had a robust and sovereign contempt for anything or anybody who fell short of their own high standards. Their brains and energy were phenomenal, their many-sidedness a reproach to the less equipped: in most of them there was a streak of greenery-yallery – yet aesthetes bored them; they adored hunting – and loathed the hunting set. Since Mr Balfour, Lord Curzon, George Wyndham, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Harry Cust and Mrs Asquith were included in their number, they had far more than their proportionate share of running the country. A Charles James Foxish set, nauseous caviare to the general and utterly at variance with the ideals that G. E. Moore preached and that Mrs Woolf and her cronies practised.

Lady Diana was bred up among the Souls and became the heroine and prime mover of their offspring, the enviously-named 'Corrupt Coterie' predecessor in its turn of the vapid post-war Bright Young Things who live on for us in an attenuated form in Mr Coward's comedies. It is this set of young men and women – so gifted and full of promise, so soon to be swathed down along with eight million others on the Western Front – that she has re-created with a pathos that is all the more moving for its deliberately repressed and unemotional tone. Lady Diana's critics have often reproached her with the epithet 'heartless'. In the place where the usual organ should be, there lies, they have hinted, a large diamond. Look, they declare, at that tragic episode on the Thames pleasure boat when the young man drowned himself. ('Who suggested bathing? I cannot tell. It may, it *may* have been me. I have so prayed it was not and now I do not know. Anyhow no one was keener or more pleased at the prospect than I was.') Lady Diana, they declare, has only told us the half of it. Why not the mythical whole – the returning of the dead man's watch to his relatives and the booing she received at Covent Garden. Such criticisms are belied by this book, in which the writer (her devotion to her husband quite apart) stands revealed as a tigress for those she loves. The fact is that, like all that second generation of Souls, she was anti-sloppy. It is an aristocratic trait and, in an age which has deliberately coddled its sentimentalisms, one that can hardly fail to be misunderstood. In fact, it is just this contrast between the Coq d'Or Eden of pre-August 1914 and the bloody Armageddon that followed that provides the central pivot of Lady Diana's narrative. The book is vastly different from the conventional 'A Great Lady Remembers' type of plush memoir (which is why it is being reviewed on this page). It is a threnody for doomed youth, a lament for the lost generation whose absence between the wars created a human vacuum and so let in the shame and squalor of the Thirties – the age of the bad old men, of MacDonald and Neville Chamberlain (I except Baldwin), the years of the Jarrow Crusade and the Fulham by-election.

Though the ultimate undertones are sombre, the setting and preliminaries are as lavish, engaging and out of the present world as the most Disraelian reader could wish for. Lady Diana's description of Belvoir (Dizzy's Beaumanoir) as it was in her grandfather's day – the lamp men and the water men, the army of green baize aprons, the upholsterer's room, the gargantuan stables, the watchmen on the gravel terraces crying 'Past twelve o'clock. All's well' – is an ideal comic appendix to *Coningsby*. The later chapters – in which the fat, fubsy little girl, whose whims were indulged and whose education was neglected in the belief that she would die young, turns gradually into the queen of a radiant and hectic circle – is a miracle of casual reporting. Each reader will have his favourite passage. My own occurs on page 105, where she writes:

> . . . I really loved Mr Asquith. He delighted in the young and the young's conversation, and would talk of poetry and people and weddings and jokes, and he wanted to hold one's hand and feel equal and comforted.
>
> In Venice on his birthday we dressed him up as a Doge and hung the *sala* with Mantegna swags of fruit and green leaves and loaded him with presents, tenderness and admiration. I think he was ecstatically happy that day.

But there are plenty of others to choose from. Chapter Seven, where Lady Diana describes her experiences as a VAD at Guy's during the war, is a grisly piece of comic realism, worth volumes of Miss Monica Dickens. There are the snippets from the House of Feasting:

> The Duke of Connaught said the other day in the strictest confidence (so respect it) that I was the only possible wife that could keep the Prince of Wales his throne! I'm getting every day and night more fit for the Palace—soberer, staider, less yearning for orgy.

Above all, there is the underlying streak of period hardness – a hardness (the last relic of Edwardian success-worship) which our generation finds so alien and so absorbing:

> Arlington Street
>
> 9 October 1917
>
> This is bad news—it is muttered that you stand a chance of 'not passing' [into the Grenadiers] and in consequence remaining more months at Bushey. It hurt me terribly when it came to my ears. I love your record to be brilliant. . . . I told my fool informer that I had just heard from somebody in authority to the exact opposite.

'Brilliant and fresh and charming' exclaims Lord David Cecil (original as ever) in a puff. God forbid I should identify myself with Lord David's conception of what those adjectives may mean. However, in the normal sense of the words, the book is all that he claims – and a great deal more. It is witty, original and modish and it cuts a stylistic dash splendidly out of keeping with the Espresso-machined prose that is now all the rage in almost all quarters. It is as calculatedly *simpliste* as its illustrations. Lady Diana is full of an honest and downright nepotist affection for her friends and relatives. In common with most of her set, she has never been afraid to ask or to take (a keen gambler like the rest, she appears to have been quite ready to receive purses from young men). Mrs Pat strangled her with necklaces, Mr Green ('what a dear man he was! We lost sight of him forever in the war, when everything broke up . . .') presented her

---

* *Lytton Strachey: His Mind and Art.* By CHARLES RICHARD SANDERS. *Oxford: Yale.* 36s.

† *The Rainbow Comes and Goes.* By DIANA COOPER. *Hart-Davis.* 25s.

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D. C. Hague (*Editor*)
The five main addresses by leading economists and subsequent discussions of the Congress of the International Economic Association, Rome 1956. 25*s*

MACMILLAN

with Battersea snuff boxes, paste brooches and a four-poster bed in red damask. An American named Mr George Moore outdid them all in Firbankian profusion:

> He loaded Letty and me with presents, Letty being now a Charteris and I his idol—silver foxes for Letty and an ermine coat to the ankle for me (my mother chose it from Jay's), a monstrous little monkey called Armide with a diamond waistbelt and chain, Maupassant's works in full morocco, countless *éditions de luxe*, a cream poodle called Fido cut *en papillon* with pompoms and bracelets of fluff and a heliotrope bow, and twice weekly, wherever I was, arrived a box the size of a coffin full of Madonna lilies.
>
> It seems odd today, and no doubt seemed odd at the time, that we were allowed to accept such presents. I never thought it strange because my mother saw no harm. She liked the children to be spoilt and enjoyed nothing better than choosing gifts from wise men.

Like the whole of that golden pre-1914 world of Margots and Winstons, Lady Diana was a true blue Whig – and, from this point of view at least, as hard as nails. Her book is an exact and exciting contribution to Asquithian social history and I have enjoyed every page of it. She is a born memoirist. (The cheap rumour that her story has been in any way ghosted is triumphantly exploded by comparing its style with that of the letters she wrote her future husband in the first world war. They are identical.)

In its broadest aspect, this book points the contrast between the Souls and their Bloomsbury counterparts. The Souls – and their sons and daughters – believed in Nouns, whereas Bloomsbury believed in Values. The great abstracts of life – Love, Wit, Patriotism, Gaiety, Chivalry and Duty – will always look bald and immature beside the disinterested search for intellectual truth and the cult of personal relationships. Yet in the end the Souls were justified. Lady Diana's contemporaries – the Asquiths, Listers, Grenfells, Horners, Shawe-Stewarts – blew themselves to hell at the head of their platoons and beside their batteries. Lytton Strachey quipped magnificently with the chairman of his C.O. tribunal – and went to work on the land. It was Lady Diana's companions rather than Bloomsbury who were the true Athenians – as complete a set of human beings as any in our history. In his way Duff Cooper himself – the only British public man ever to admit that for most of his life 'I have drunk more than my friends would say was good for me', the Cabinet Minister whose resignation was our one good deed at a time of national dishonour – is an emblem of all they stood for. Like Pindar's athletes, these men believed in the violet-crowned City in which they had spent their youth –

> *αἱ τε λιπαραὶ καὶ ἰοστεφανοι καὶ ἀοίδιμοι,*
> *Ἑλλάδος ἔρεισμα, κλειναὶ Ἀθᾶναι, δαιμόνιον*
> *πτολίεθρον*

They were rooted in a romantic and (to too many of us) old-fashioned conception of honour and they believed that their world was worth dying for. Lady Diana was their Aspasia in life and she has become their chronicler. If her book shines with the bright gilt of the Parthenon, it also smells of the blood of Arginusae.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Stable Door

Watch how my lank team-fellow strains
  Home up the last incline!
His joints creak, but his heart remains
  As obdurate as mine.

Our crib may well contain no feed,
  The skies may be our roof,
Yet do two foundered horses need
  To clack an angry hoof

In their death-dream of oats and hay,
  A dry, well-littered floor,
And Sam the ostler, whistling gay,
  Drunk by the stable door?

ROBERT GRAVES

Nuclear Obsession

Power and Diplomacy. By DEAN ACHESON. *Oxford.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Dean Acheson has always struck me as the Hugh Gaitskell of American Liberalism. Both are men of outstanding intellectual ability – administrators primarily rather than politicians – whose grasp of policy is much stronger than their political guide. In foreign policy they are stern anti-Communists who believe implicitly in negotiation from strength, and see foreign policy as a series of moral choices between containment and appeasement of the Soviet Union. Both of them, therefore, accept as an article of faith that the defence of the Free World must be based on Nato, and that the basis of Nato in its turn is the Anglo-American alliance. In fact Mr Acheson's Anglophile bias is the exact ideological correlative of Mr Gaitskell's staunch pro-Americanism.

Recently, however, the pressures of party politics on either side of the Atlantic began to drive them apart. While Mr Acheson sticks fiercely to his former view that it would be fatal to create a power vacuum in the centre of Europe, Mr Gaitskell now preaches disengagement. While Mr Gaitskell urges the need for summit talks at which the West should agree to the suspension of nuclear tests, Mr Acheson roundly declares that such talks, held at the moment, could only lead to disaster and insists that the suspension of nuclear tests must be only one item in a package disarmament deal.

The reason for these differences of view between two men of such intellectual affinity is clear. In the United States the Cold War against Communism is still accepted by public opinion and there is no strongly organised pressure for relaxing the tension or ending the nuclear arms race. Here in Britain, on the other hand, voters of all parties insist that their leaders should make a genuine effort to come to terms with the Kremlin. So we have reached the piquant situation where Mr Acheson savages his old friend George Kennan and Mr Gaitskell comes to the rescue of the man who is very unjustly accused of destroying the foundations of Nato.

It was not with any pleasurable expectations, therefore, that I began to read *Power and Diplomacy.* This thin volume consists of a set of four lectures delivered at Harvard last October, just a year after the lectures in which Mr Gaitskell announced his conversion to disengagement. True enough, Mr Acheson is still very much the Cold Warrior, determined only to negotiate from strength; but what came as a complete surprise to me and made me put approving exclamation marks on page after page was his thorough-going condemnation of Anglo-American nuclear strategy. Although it is not more than a quarter of the length of Henry Kissinger's heavily boosted *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, this little book demolishes 'massive retaliation' far more trenchantly. Moreover, in the next chapter Mr Acheson proceeds to deal with Mr Kissinger himself, exposing the utter futility of the twin doctrines of graduated deterrents and limited war fought with atomic tactical weapons. In so doing, of course, Mr Acheson is trouncing the defence policy of some leading Labour Party spokesmen and exposing their fatal assumption that we can rely on our technological ascendancy to offset the Russian superiority in fighting manpower.

This is how he concludes:

> It would be a disastrous mistake to increase nuclear power in Europe as part of our present policy of increasing our military reliance on nuclear weapons. To do this would perpetuate the danger and horror of living under the sword of Damocles. . . . The escape lies in the development of allied conventional forces capable of safeguarding Europe against attack by conventional forces.

So it looks as though the truth is neatly split between the Opposition parties on each side of the Atlantic. Mr Acheson and his colleagues in the Democratic Party leadership should certainly take a lesson from Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan about the merits of disengagement in Europe. But in exchange they might well give us a lesson in clear thinking about nuclear weapons. At the very least I should like Mr Gaitskell to make this brilliant little book compulsory reading for all members of his Shadow Cabinet.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Queep . . . Queep

Portrait of a Wilderness. By GUY MOUNTFORT. *Hutchinson. 30s.*

A Bird Watcher in Kenya. By VERNON D. VAN SOMEREN. *Oliver & Boyd. 30s.*

The Gun-Punt Adventure. By COLIN WILLOCK. *Faber. 25s.*

From what unrecognised human need does the cult of bird-watching stem? In its unadulterated state it is still unacquisitive; it does not necessarily seek new or exotic species or even new knowledge, and the pure bird-watcher needs no rivals to spur him to more and more entranced watching. Yet all over this country and over much of the Continent, in hundreds of bird-watching clubs and societies, thousands of pairs of binoculars are focused annually on hundreds of thousands of embarrassed or brazen feathered friends. There are not, as far as I know, any mouse-watching clubs (though the word 'myomancy' appears in the SOED as meaning 'divination by the movements of mice'), nor any caterpillar-watching clubs. Only aquaria fish are goggled at with anything approaching a like intensity; and, significantly, they too inhabit an element in which man is as yet incompletely at home. Perhaps the bird-watcher is the man Icarus, still yearning toward the enduring models for his melted wings; the man who cages and kills them, too, his restless and jealous spirit.

Unfortunately it is very rarely that a bird-watcher has the literary ability to communicate more than the fact of his enthusiasm and what he sees, so that those who are neither bird-watchers themselves nor have used birds and animals as stepping-stones to the improper study of mankind are often left wondering what all the excitement is about. It is also unfortunate that both the names of birds and their speech reduced to human phonetics should be so often grotesque. Beachcomber is out-combed by the press he parodies (during the past year a Sunday newspaper carried a heading 'Chicken-sexer with two wooden legs cited in bigamy case'); Thurber is out-Thurbered by such genuine bird names as the Red-faced Crombec, the Cut-throat, the Abyssinian Grey-backed Glass-eye, the Streaky Seed-eater, the White-bellied Go-away Bird, and by such calls as 'the female's wheezy, "*queep . . . queep*"' and 'the thin "*dzeep . . . dzeep*" of an invisible Fan-tailed Warbler'. These names and calls are taken, respectively, from Mr van Someren's *A Bird Watcher in Kenya* and Mr Guy Mountfort's *Portrait of a Wilderness*. Despite the fact that this latter is largely about birds it should appeal to a wide unornithological public both for the exotic splendour of its locale and for the 130 superb photographs – 15 in colour – that illustrate it. This is a synthesis of three valuable scientific expeditions to a wild region of Southern Spain called the Coto Doñana, for several centuries a ducal hunting preserve, and which still harbours wolves and vultures, lynxes and flamingoes, genets and Great Bustards, wild boars and Imperial Eagles. The production of the book is as lavish as nature in the Coto Doñana. The expedition members included Sir Julian Huxley, Lord Alanbrooke, and Mr James Fisher; Eric Hosking took the photographs. There is a curious one of the Field-Marshal filming the avifauna in a bowler-hat – a symbol, no doubt, of freedom.

A Bird Watcher in Kenya is a record of a Colonial Officer's hobby during seventeen years service there, with an interlude in Madagascar. His hobby sprang from a traumatic experience in childhood, when a school friend murdered a Blue Tit with an air rifle. 'As he picked it up, its beady little eye held, it seemed to me at that impressionable age, such a look of agony and accusation as it glazed in death that I have never been able to forget'. Every page of the book is instinct with an almost Franciscan love of the creatures he writes about and photographs, but his approach is conscientious and unsentimental, for he is a trained biologist. A section at the end of the book is devoted to technical advice on how to observe and photograph, and a description of the apparatus used to take the 38 excellent photographs.

It is not seldom that a love and understanding of living creatures springs originally from an adolescent blood lust, from the strangely intimate relationship binding the hunter to his quarry, but one looks in vain for so favourable a prognosis in *The Gun-Punt Adventure*. This is a section of the Editor of *Lilliput's* delayed adolescence; his determination to become an amateur wildfowler at an age when most of us who indulged have grown out of it; his – or a friend's – building of a gun-punt by unorthodox means which seem to have been most successful; and their haphazard and inexplicable search for a punt-gun. There is a certain amount of detailed information on punts and punt-guns quoted from earlier writers, and a lot of nauseating facetiousness (the chapter titles are puns: specimens from those about guns are 'Roll out the Barrels' and 'Once more unto the Breech', and Mr Willock plans his 'operations' in military phraseology). He seems quite uninterested in his quarry other than as targets – though he dedicates his book to them – and had had only five days punt-gunning experience when he finished his manuscript. I feel uncertain for whom it can have been written; those to whom it is dedicated cannot read.

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The Technics and Ethics of Fall-Out

Atomic Radiation Dangers and What They Mean to You. By H. W. HECKSTALL-SMITH. *Dent. 7s. 6d.*

Mr Heckstall-Smith may be, for all I know, a relatively staid and serious physicist, but he is a pretty slap-happy author. His book has eight chapters, a list of 'words we cannot avoid', another list of abbreviations, a supplementary chapter on 'late news', and an index. But some people, he gaily says, and includes himself in the category, 'always prefer to dive into the deep end at once'; and they 'should start fearlessly at the beginning of Chapter III, and plunge straight through to the end. They will probably feel quite all right. . . '. Possibly they may; but chapters I and II actually contain very nice clear expositions of the basic concepts of atomic physics and radiobiology, and if one leaves them out it is a little difficult to see why one shouldn't go right ahead and leave out Chapters III to VIII as well. Admittedly Chapter I contains a large number of words which 'we cannot avoid', and these include some eccentric specimens which, so far as I can remember, never appear again except in the list of such words at the end – for instance, 'Triton', known to the ordinary non-physicist only in Greek mythology and as an out-of-date name for a genus of newts, and I think successfully avoided by all other popular expositors of atomic science. But Heckstall-Smith is obviously champing at the bit to be allowed a little colourful jargon. Manfully resisting the temptation to write in 'laboratorese', he solaces himself by inventing a private set of alphabetical abbreviations. For the Medical Research Council to appear as MRC is standard practice. It is stretching it a bit for their report on 'The Hazards to Man of Nuclear and Allied Radiations' to be referred to as HNR; when, owing to inadequate proof-reading, this appears as NHR, we are beginning to need to keep our wits about us; and when we read: 'For the meaning of MRC and similar shorthand, see Abbreviations, p. 93. PB 20 gives 40 mr per person per year', and then find that no PB 20 is mentioned on p. 93 or anywhere else, the faint-hearted may begin to say to hell with it.

That would on the whole be a pity. The book has certainly got the meat of nuclear technology in it, as far as the ordinary man needs to be concerned with it. In fact, it is almost nothing but solid meat – only, just a bit too solid for easy assimilation, like a tough steak. But chew it and you'll get nourished, particularly if you aren't fussy about the trimmings, like the references.

Mr Heckstall-Smith sets out to tell us the technological facts about nuclear explosions and the fall-out from them, not to make moral assessments. I don't know that anyone has drawn attention to the fascinating intellectual problems, for ethical theory, with which fall-out from bomb-tests has faced us. The situation is that ionising radiation encourages the occurrence of harmful genetic changes; that is to say if a large population of individuals is subjected to such radiation, changes of this kind will occur in more of them than would have been the case without the additional radiation – but one cannot tell in just which ones it will occur. Present bomb-test fall-out produces radiation of this kind to an extent which can be estimated as somewhere between 0.03 and say 0.3 'r-units' per generation. The effect of this on human heredity might possibly be to cause as many as 15,000 deaths, in the world as a whole, per year of bomb-testing, a by no means negligible figure. But mankind also has to put up with natural radiation, which occurs even if no bombs are tested and also produces similar deaths by the same mechanism. And this natural radiation varies from place to place, not only with the height above sea-level but in relation to the nature of the rocks; for instance, in Bournemouth it is about 2.3 r. in each generation, and in Aberdeen about 4.3 r. according to Heckstall-Smith.

Two quite serious intellectual problems arise. First, that we are dealing with a 'stochastic' process; that is, we know that a certain amount of damage will happen, but we do not know where and when it will happen. Is it as wicked to shoot an unaimed volley roughly in the direction of a crowd, and kill a hundred people, as it is to shoot each one of the hundred personally in the back of the neck? Secondly – and this perhaps sounds sillier, but I think is more difficult – is it as wicked to increase the human mutation rate by persuading people to migrate to Aberdeen as to do the same thing by subjecting them to bomb-test fall-out? I have a strong desire to answer 'No' to both these questions. But I should be very grateful to anyone who could tell me just how to justify this response. One might hope that our official ethical philosophers would have extensively discussed such appealing and contemporary problems. But they seem not yet to have recovered their equilibrium after the impact of that literary Mondrian who happened to write philosophy, Wittgenstein; and all that issues from them is a daintily logical sequence of Ayer-y nothings and Ryle-ing platitudes – as though civil servants, smitten by another work of genius of the Twenties, were to write their memoranda in the style of Marion Bloom's night thoughts.

It is worth exerting the little bit of effort required to understand what Heckstall-Smith chucks at our heads. This is where the real intellectual and moral and political kernel of our time is to be found.

C. H. WADDINGTON

C. J. Jung

THE UNDISCOVERED SELF

J. B. Priestley said:

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What do you say?

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Routledge and Kegan Paul

S-Day Minus

Operation Sea Lion. By RONALD WHEATLEY. *Oxford. 30s.*

The Silent Victory. By DUNCAN GRINNELL-MILNE. *Bodley Head. 21s.*

September 15, 1940, was one of the great moments of history. English people realised that the Nazi tide had turned and that ultimately Hitler was done for. I remember sitting the next day on the steps of Stowe House and saying ruefully to Michael Karolyi: 'For once in our life we are going to be on the winning side'. The Nazi records now confirm that we were right in our surmise, though for the wrong reasons. The figures of German air-losses which inspired us and which we still celebrate on 'Battle of Britain' Day turn out to be mistaken. British losses on 15 September were in fact slightly larger than the German. Moreover the events of 15 September did not cause Hitler to break off. There had been a first decision for postponement on 14 September; and another – still half-hearted, but in fact conclusive – followed on 17 September. The air-battle was merely one contributory factor in a decision which was imposed by all the difficulties combined. Mr Grinnell-Milne is concerned to show that sea-power, not air-power, provided the essential check to Hitler; and broadly of course he is right. What deterred Hitler was the harsh fact that, while an initial force might be ferried over by surprise, its line of supply and reinforcement could not be guaranteed. This case is argued in spirited, convincing fashion. It is bad luck for Mr Grinnell-Milne that he has to rely on printed sources just when another writer comes along with the full story from the Nazi archives.

Mr Wheatley's book is an off-shoot from the Official History of the War. It is a plodding digest of the German material, valuable for its information, but almost unreadable in its method of presentation. Official historians are no doubt scholarly and conscientious; but they have spent so long among official papers that they have forgotten how to write. Another absurdity is that references to the unpublished Nazi papers are not given except in 'an edition kept for official use'. We have reached a farcical situation indeed when a man might be prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act for quoting Hitler, Goering or Himmler. But there it is: officials are more loyal to other officials (even enemies) than to their own countrymen. The labour of digging into Mr. Wheatley's book is heavy; but it is rewarding.

He has made a real discovery, though maybe systematising it a bit much. There were two German invasion plans in the summer of 1940. The first was for a true invasion with armies crossing the Channel on a broad front and achieving decision by land-combats on British soil. This plan was drawn up immediately after the fall of France. It was denounced by both naval and air authorities and was abandoned by Hitler before the end of July. He then devised a phoney-invasion which would finish off Great Britain when she was already tottering from air-attack; an invasion which would follow, not cause, British defeat. Hence the attacks on London instead of on the fighter-bases make sense for the first time; they were meant to cause British collapse according to the teaching of

Douhet. The invasion plans petered out in mid-September when British morale failed to crack. In this sense, neither the Navy nor the R.A.F. but the people of London won the battle of Britain.

How near was invasion in 1940? Technically quite near in that the Germans made elaborate and serious preparations; a long way off in that the plans were impossible to execute. Hitler then took up the invasion of Russia at first as a sort of alternative, but soon became obsessed with it for its own sake. It thus became obscure to him, as to others, that he had lost the war before the attack on Russia started. He had still to be defeated; but he could not win.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Operatics

Opera as Drama. By JOSEPH KERMAN. *Oxford.* *32s. 6d.*

The Critic at the Opera. By DENNIS ARUNDELL. *Benn.* 42*s.*

Famous Mozart Operas. By SPIKE HUGHES. *Hale.* 35*s.*

The Festival of Opera. By HENRY W. SIMON. *W. H. Allen.* 30*s.*

Just how highbrow can the opera-lover afford to be? Or, as Mr Kerman would probably put it, how highbrow can he afford not to be? He himself takes up what he describes as 'the humourless, idealistic position' that opera can be (and, as a corollary, should be) what its inventors intended – namely *dramma per musica,* drama through music. Now in that form his thesis is not likely to rouse many objections, except from people who feel that music in any combination with drama can only be a distraction; and this is really too philistine a view to be often entertained in public. A far more insidious threat comes from those musicians who in the opera-house abandon whatever appreciation of drama they may possess outside it, and for the sake of the music allow themselves to be fobbed off with 'good theatre'. Mr Kerman is unremittingly hostile to this view. How can we, he asks, possibly speak of *Tosca* ('that shabby little shocker') as dramatic? How can we couple Strauss, superb dramaturgical craftsman though he was, with a real dramatist like Wagner?

Of course he is right. And yet there is something just a little inhuman about this study of the operas which satisfy his criterion of drama articulated and intensified by music: *Orfeo* (both Monteverdi's and Gluck's), *Dido and Aeneas,* the later Mozart operas, *Fidelio, Otello, Tristan, Pelléas, Wozzeck, The Rake's Progress* – he does not intend it as a complete list, of course, but what opera-house could begin to pay its way (or rather, keep its deficit steady) if it confined its repertory to works in this exalted class? The Kerman Opera Co. could tour only in Utopia.

Living as we do in an imperfect world, we should be wiser to enjoy, and even be grateful for, the accomplished second-rateness of Puccini and Strauss and all the rest of Mr Kerman's *bêtes noires.* But *Opera as Drama* will serve a useful purpose if it makes opera-lovers (including professional critics) think twice about their own standards of judgment. Opera has always had its connoisseurs, its Mount-Edgcumbes, to whom the modulations of a beautiful voice, the curve and intonation of a single phrase, are of more importance than any conception of the opera as a whole. With his high-minded, hard-headed and sometimes witty book Mr Kerman issues a call to order to which real opera-lovers should pay attention, for a little dose of direct intellectual snobbery is no bad antidote to the more prevalent inverted kind.

None of my remaining books has anything like as much to say as this one. *The Critic at the Opera,* the most substantial of them, is basically an anthology (an exceedingly comprehensive one) of contemporary references to English operatic productions, from Ben Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* in 1605 to *Prince Igor* in 1914 – gossip and criticism rarely distinguished in itself but often throwing light on modes of production and, no less important, the attitudes of the audience. Mr Arundell, who has considerable practical experience of opera-production, confines himself to brief comments on his material as he goes along; if he had been less discreet, if he had hung his research on an explicit framework of his own ideas, it would have made easier reading: as it is one feels that this vast mass of particulars has been collected for its own sake alone. But perhaps it is churlish to complain of this. The book contains many amusing oddments and even, in the earlier part, some new material, such as the suggestions about the first performance of *Dido and Aeneas.*

Spike Hughes has written a guide to Mozart's best-known operas (*Idomeneo* and *La Clemenza di Tito* are not included), primarily designed for people making their first acquaintance with them on gramophone records. It is chatty, but balanced and unpretentious, and it gives a clear picture of the stage action. The rather high price is presumably due to the large number of music examples, but it would be a far less valuable book without them. *The Festival of Opera* should also prove handy for listeners to broadcast and

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recorded opera. It contains synopses rather after the manner of the Decca Book of Opera, but arranged, irritatingly, by title instead of by composer; individually its synopses are more detailed, but the coverage as a whole is less extensive. It originated in America as a by-product of Dario Soria's weekly opera broadcasts. English readers will be cheered to note that (unlike the Decca book) it contains *Wozzeck* and *The Rake's Progress*. But then, it also contains most of the works of Gian Carlo Menotti.

JEREMY NOBLE

In the Wake of Hitler

A Girl Survives. By UTE VALLANCE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

The Survivors. Told by LESLIE H. HARDMAN and written by CECILY GOODMAN. *Vallentine Mitchell.* 16*s.*

These are both records of Nazi frightfulness; and there they part company for good. The first-hand narrative of a single victim – and she an 'Aryan' – couldn't possibly be as lowering as the Belsen aftermath; even so, one hardly expects to enjoy reading it, or to hear that she 'would not have missed it for anything in the world'. Yet *A Girl Survives* has not only a cloudless ending, but a rather exhilarating effect all through. Not for want of horror; it abounds in features calculated to turn the stomach and make the hair stand on end. Then why don't they? One reason is the narrator's spirit; she was very young – only seventeen at the outbreak of war – full of fight and confidence, and 'insatiably curious' about people. That kept her going, and gives the ordeal a quality of adventure. And then, besides, she came happily through it, and is writing years afterwards as a journalist. She means to be lively; she means to present a thrilling though grim story, chock full of 'characters'. And she doesn't mind touching up. One can tell that from the dialogue, which must be largely fictitious.

Whereas the personal background seems a little hazy. Oetie's father (she is always called Oetie) was a regular officer. Her mother – anti-Hitler before the fact – soon parted from him, took the baby abroad, and acquired Dutch nationality. And Oetie would have stayed on in Holland, 'but for a whole number of reasons'. However, all three were *in situ* when the balloon went up: Papa (invisible) as a Nazi big-shot, Mama helping people out of the country, and Oetie trying to dodge national service. All her chums, she says, and indeed most Germans, were anti-Hitler from the beginning, though most of them were afraid to say so. And her own crime was careless talk; one day she let herself go to a Dutchman – and landed in the prison of Stadelheim, to await trial. The charge would be treasonable subversion, and the penalty was death.

Before that, she had been questioned by the Gestapo. One occasion is quickly veiled; it is the only one of its type. For there was not much overt cruelty in the prison – only filth, hunger and neglected disease. The women were mainly thieves and streetwalkers. They might be hideously debased, or cracked, or both; the cracked soon started to rave, and the whole milieu was like 'an insane kind of girls' boarding-school'. Oetie not only took this gargoyle rout in her stride, but came to cherish them; they were the experience she wouldn't have missed. Meanwhile, she rapidly became very ill. But the disease that saved her life was a figment; she got to hospital by shamming appendicitis, and was there, amid hearty congratulations, found to have TB. And so, escape. . . . Her tale is adventurous to the last; and its Goyaesque figures are amazing – almost too crowded.

Then we come to the Rev. Leslie Hardman's Belsen story. This Jewish chaplain entered the camp two days after it had been – I don't like to say liberated. It is past time for the horrors; we know all those. Indeed the most grisly, haunting scene in this book reminded me of a ghastlier episode, in another camp, which I had read of years ago. What gets one down is the liberation. Of course there had to be an anti-climax. The deliverers had no magic wand – they couldn't save the whole remnant, or conjure away the Jewish problem, or even suspend all other business. And it would be no wonder if Mr Hardman, in the anguish of his crusade, came too near expecting it. All the same, what an impression of uphill work! The authorities forbidding presents of food: the sick dying like flies, and denied hospital treatment: the voice raised in the mess, 'Bloody Jews, it's good for them': the bungled convoy to a worse camp . . . and so on, and so on. And then – the ceremonial burning of Camp I, from which most inmates 'drifted off early'. Though Mr Hardman has nothing to say against this gesture, the effect of his narrative is to make one squirm at it. Belsen was over: but not done with, nor a cue for self-praise.

K. JOHN

New Novels

Questions of Precedence. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Made for Man. By A. P. HERBERT. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

The White Bird Passes. By JESSIE KESSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Captain General. By EDWARD GRIERSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Questions of Precedence is M. Mauriac's second novel: it was first published in 1921. In a preface to a later edition he has written: 'I think that if I were writing it today, I should treat my characters with greater kindness. I have learnt to esteem the "aristocracy of the cork" more highly than any other'. As it is, the novel is an exposure, so unflattering as almost to make the reader cry out in protest, of 'the aristocracy of the cork', the great wine families of Bordeaux. There is little here of the wonderful charity of the later Mauriac, which, with his Ibsenish probing into the roots of behaviour, makes him so formidable and impressive a moral psychologist. Instead, the representatives of the 'aristocracy of the cork' are shown as brutal in their snobbery, absurd in their affectations, gross in their lives, which are cast in an arrogant and philistine provincialism. They have no redeeming features; they are symbols not so much of evil as of death itself, the death of the spirit.

Against them – and here we approach the later Mauriac – is set the figure of the *farouche* boy Augustin, the despised, waif-like youth drunk on Rimbaud who has emerged as it were from nowhere and who proves to be the son of a modernist theologian who has left the Church to become a propagandist of atheism and who dies in penitence as a lay-brother in a Trappist monastery. Augustin is the pivot on which the action turns. He is taken up by the unnamed narrator's sister Florence out of malicious curiosity and cold-hearted coquetry, is egged on by her and falls in love with her just as she is bringing off the great *coup* of her life, betrothal and marriage to Harry Maucoudinat, the most degraded and fish-like of the heirs of the 'aristocracy of the cork'. Augustin disappears, and Florence drags herself through her wretched married life with its compulsive promiscuity, sustained, so far as she is sustained at all, only by the memory of his love for her.

The mechanism of the story and its resolution I found unconvincing, indeed of a theatricality disconcerting in a novelist later to be a master of plot. The main interest of *Questions of Precedence* may be historical in that it helps us to chart the development of a great novelist. Even so, it would be difficult to find a more horrifying exposure of the savage cruelty of snobbery, and its consequences, than that given in its pages.

Made for Man is something of a *tour de force*, very funny, sparkling with wit and invention, hard-hitting and generous-minded. A polemical novel, it is in many ways a fictionalisation of its author's book *The Right to Marry* – the right, that is, of divorced persons to be married again in the Church of England. With one eye cocked at the law of libel, Sir Alan has set his novel in 1960. A Very Eminent and Beautiful Young Lady, almost as eminent and beautiful as you-know-who and as much beloved by the people, is in love with a gallant naval officer, but though she is the ward of the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, they cannot be married because the naval officer has been divorced, his former wife being a famous actress, a Dame no less. How the law is amended and the Church of England put in its place, by the machinations of the Dame, an elderly admiral who is plainly a lineal descendent of Hawser Trunnion, and an ex-MP named Sir Ewan Harker, the author of *The Right to Marry* and the man who piloted Sir Alan's divorce act of 1937 through the Commons, makes up the story. It is tremendous fun, done with zest, and it has real topical impact. But it is more than that. Sir Alan, a combination of Modern Churchman and jolly Tory, has written a closely argued and devastating attack on the Church of England as it functions today; its implications go beyond the theme of divorce. Sir Alan's Archbishop of Canterbury is an old dear, though a cunning one. All the same, I'd be surprised if certain faces weren't red down Lambeth way, and I get the impression Sir Alan thoroughly intended them to be.

There has recently been a number of very good novels about working-class childhood: Keith Waterhouse's *There Is a Happy Land* and Bill Naughton's *One Small Boy* stand out in the mind. Mrs Kesson's *The White Bird Passes* can be added to them. Life as seen and lived by a small girl in a court in a Scottish slum in the Twenties, with the mother, a prostitute, dying at the end of the book from chronic syphilis: thus baldly summarised, it could scarcely seem less promising. Yet, without any faking, the novel has a quality that can only be called pastoral, and the final impression is of richness of experience and indeed beauty. This is due partly, I think, to the vividness with which Mrs Kesson expresses the child Janie's imaginative awareness of the world about her, and partly to the firmness with which the scene is set. It exists not only in the Twenties but also, one feels, in a long perspective of time: the court, Lady's Lane, was once, in the twelfth century, Our Lady's Lane, and the harridans who guard it, Poll Pyke, Battle-axe and the Duchess, have an immemorial quality. They were there, one feels, when Scott was alive and were there too, on sentry-go, when the lane was first made. They help, as does the cathedral that dominates the slum, to link the scene to a rich past, to emphasise the continuity of life. This is a very distinguished first novel.

The Captain General of Mr Grierson's title is the Duke of Alva, and the novel relates the opening of his campaign in the Netherlands against William the Silent. Not the most voracious devourer of historical novels, I enjoyed this for the straightforward delineation of its characters, the genuine excitement and drama of the plot, and the absence of Technicolor. *The Captain General* is a very carefully wrought piece of work, and the story is admirably told.

WALTER ALLEN

Flowers for the Frau

Zen in the Art of Flower Arrangement. By GUSTIE L. HERRIGEL. Translated from the German by R. F. C. HULL. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This adventurous little book comes from the publishers of *Fingers Pointing Towards the Moon* by Wei Wu Wei. It is by the widow of Professor Eugen Herrigel, whose equally little book, *Zen in the Art of Archery,* was welcomed by this paper in 1953 and is still, we are told, 'causing powerful reactions among American critics'. Frau Herrigel writes:

> It is one of the peculiarities of the East to begin with something small and unassuming; nothing is obvious.

Thus:

> The beginner is urged to be specially mindful of the 'flower heart'. Firstly, in order to handle the flower correctly, secondly in order to live in the naturalness and security of his own heart . . .
>
> So anyone who believes that he can learn this art merely by showing himself sensitive to flowers and fairly tolerant in his dealings with animals is . . . ill-advised.

So much for the followers of Constance Spry. However, let them take heart and consult *The Art of Flower Arrangement in Japan* by A. L. Sadler (Country Life, Ltd., 1933). And when Frau Herrigel reduces them to despair:

> The flowers are not brought into harmony by looking at them first from one side and then from the other, by experimenting and comparing – only the beginner does that – rather, the eye is directed inwards. Not the slightest intention of arranging them 'beautifully' must disturb this self-immersion, not even the desire to become 'purposeless on purpose'.

– when Frau Herrigel does that, Sadler soothes with:

> The most suitable height for the arrangement is given as from one and a half times that of the vase, if a standing one, or of the diameter if dish shaped, to two and a half times that amount. It seems more often nearer to the latter, but depends on the plant.

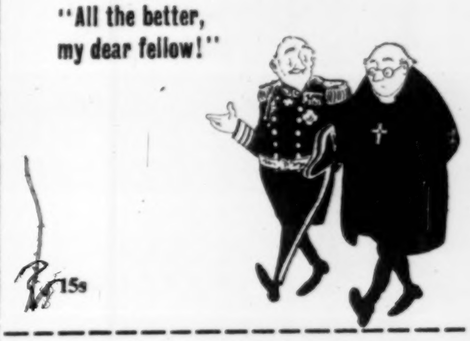
Among the ten virtues of the 'Way of Flowers' Sadler includes 'supplying fragrance throughout the house'. Frau Herrigel seems to turn this to 'fill the room with harmony and reverence'. Sadler also includes 'providing elegance at all times'. Frau Herrigel ignores this altogether. Sadler was a Professor of Japanese. Frau Herrigel depended on an interpreter, but more often on plain 'communication from heart to heart'. Sadler admits the Buddhist influence on the Japanese attitude to flowers; in their arrangement, however, he stresses the excellence of Japanese taste. Frau Herrigel is suspicious of the æsthetic instinct. She equates it continually with a mystic exaltation exclusive to the mysterious East. Her giddy burblings will help no one interested in the East or in flowers.

V. S. NAIPAUL

"Hit a rock, my dear sir? Been reading what the reviewer chap in 'The Observer' said about A. P. Herbert's MADE FOR MAN? 'Brilliantly funny,' he said, 'only the deadliest, dullest pillars of the Establishment can fail to be amused'."

"It's a deplorably entertaining novel, my dear Admiral, but note Mr. Davenport also observed that it 'will infuriate many people'."

"All the better, my dear fellow!"



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INTRODUCING GERMANY

by **Michael Winch** is designed for the civilised traveller who wants to know about out-of-the way places of interest as well as the recognised sights. It is an ideal book for those contemplating their first visit to Germany.

Illustrated, 21s

THE WATSONS

Jane Austen's fragment, continued and completed by **John Coates** has caused wide controversy. At all events, as Margaret Lane said in the *Daily Telegraph,* **'he has played the fascinating game entertainingly, modestly and with spirit.'**

16s

THE GUIDE

R. K. Narayan's picaresque Indian novel of a reluctant holy man, having charmed English critics is now receiving rave notices in America: **'swift, skilful and exuberantly entertaining'** said the *N. Y. Times,* and the *New Yorker* hailed **'the latest and the best of R. K. Narayan's enchanting novels.'**

15s

METHUEN

Short Stories

The Stories of Sean O'Faolain. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

The Lady and the Cut-Throat. By Tom Hopkinson. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Exile and the Kingdom. By Albert Camus. *Hamish Hamilton.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The same discovery turns up every time – how much the thing depends on local *moeurs.* It doesn't matter when or where so long as the rules exist: a stylised New York underworld, a pocket of the American Civil War, an Indian hill-station in the Nineties, Dublin then or now, a sanatorium, a school. This leaves the unlocalised *English* storyteller (such as Tom Hopkinson here) in an odd position; he might almost be the stateless man of this peculiar genre. English life, unless it falls into some specified provincial, professional or social groove, seems to disappear as you look at it.

Ireland, to be sure, does not; and here it is again in Mr Sean O'Faolain's rich volume of *Stories* (twenty-seven chosen from the work of thirty years) – a small provincial country that has always had a past and never a future, where hopes and ambitions are matched by a fear of fulfilment – what writer has ever gone wrong with it? Even the priests and nuns are touched with the flat provincial spirit: wretched human creatures after all, they take snuff, over-eat, feel boredom, forget their false teeth. Any religion seen from the inside shows elements of corruptibility and farce, and the Irish Catholic Church is too near for the dignity of distance.

Yet this is not all of the picture. Rebellion, decay, elected failure all have their own crazy poetry, and Mr O'Faolain's battle with its attractions is a powerful motive through the book. In his Introduction he himself points out with affectionate shame the 'romantic' writing of his earliest tales, full of words like 'dawn, dew, onwards, youth, world, adamant, dusk'. (They are the weakest stories in an excellent book, but not for that reason alone.) 'At that time,' he continues, 'if you said *dawn* to me my mouth would begin to dribble like Faulkner's whenever he thinks of the word *avatar.*' In the later stories, though he has worked out of the romantic verbiage, something of the feeling has remained. Indeed, the most economical, the most brilliantly effective are those in which a streak of wildness runs sharply across the no less characteristic commonplace, the cautious and the coarse. One such is the tale of a summer romance – broken up by the local curate – between two monks and two nuns: a tale with the oddest crack to its ending; another describes a poorhouse where a recording van has come to pick up old ballads and tales. Best of all, perhaps, is the one about the Russian ballet in Cork. The law-librarian, torn between his desire to attend and pay homage, and his wish to keep his job by joining in the civic protest, somehow does both. Or it may be neither. Mr O'Faolain at his best is superb, and all the elements of his Irish world are in this little tale.

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I spoke of Mr Hopkinson as the unlocalised English writer. But he has the chance (in *The Lady and the Cut-Throat*) of offering profession for place, and takes it in some of the stories. When he writes as a journalist (like Kipling and Bierce and the rest), the peripatetic newspaper man, he is on sure and honoured ground. His use of technical jargons and items of specialist knowledge can be as hypnotic as poetry; his manner, which is deceptively flat, is based in such tales on an intensive patient detail, whose impact is only felt at the end. One of these is about the executive side of a gravel business in East Anglia; another, about the financial history of a ship which runs on a rock—a peculiarly eerie tale.

But he does not keep to this role, and the collection is, to say the least, uneven. The stories about love have a hollow and anxious ring; perhaps they lack the vitalising touch of art that gives reality to life or dreams. Typical of these is the tale of an elderly artist who is loved and lived with by a wholesome, devoted, Shavian and somehow entirely charmless young woman. This anyhow is the effect, but not, you feel, the intention. Another misfire is a Powys-type tale about a nasty old bailiff among the daft, obliging village girls. Far better are two stories which cross the borderline of the supernatural: one about seamen lost in the snows of Nova Zembla, the other about reindeer herdsmen in Finland. Magic apart, you may note, they are also the reporter's uninvolved reports of men about their affairs. Which, with Mr Hopkinson, is as it should be.

For M. Camus, the angle of judgment – if that is the way to put it – shifts again. *Exile and the Kingdom* is an impressive collection, distinguished in a fashion which does not depend on the author using his own distinction as a model. His stories probe inwards from the event; they might have another dimension. Yet the surface is almost innocently clear – images are sharp and exact; details are used too insistently for accident; they grate, as they are meant to, on the sensibilities – the pork soup and sour wine, the cold dry wind, the sun and sand, the fields of frost-cracked stone.

> Since the beginning of time, on the dry earth of this limitless land scraped to the bone, a few men had been ceaselessly trudging, possessing nothing but serving no one, poverty-stricken but lords of a strange kingdom . . .

The key to the whole book is here. Not all the half-dozen tales are set in the Algerian desert but their motives are basically the same: the necessity of solitude, the search for whatever is spare, lean ascetic, cold and dry – the desert behind the pasture, the rock under the grass. Pursue this idea through the stories and you feel the grossness and clutter of all human pastimes and relationships: marriage, religion, children, food and love. This is most subtly brought out in a magnificent story, *The Guest,* about a schoolmaster, an idealistic fellow, who tries to set free an Arab prisoner left in his charge. But it is there, in another form, in the tale of an artist's 'happy' domestic life, or in the Kafkan nightmare of a tortured missionary fired with the primitive faith he has journeyed out to destroy. If man is not an island, in the Donneish sense, it is ultimately his disaster. Exile is also the kingdom, and M. Camus demonstrates it beautifully.

Naomi Lewis

Week-end Competition

No. 1,472 **Set by Thomas Smallbones**

Competitors are invited to compose a four-line epigram on Britain's official reception of the Moscow Art Theatre. Entries by 27 May.

Result of No. 1,469 **Set by Buzfuz**

Following upon the introduction of ERNIE and now VERA, competitors are invited to give the full name and a brief description of the functions of any three of the following mechanical marvels: Dwight, Foster, Nye, Harold, Randolph, Edith, Konrad, Nikita or Norah.

Report

Who is Edith, what is she? For the purposes of this competition Summerskill or Sitwell, it seems, but not Evans. Nor was any machine based on Harold Wilson.

The difficulty, of course, was to get all three arrows in the gold. Single hits included C. W. V. Wordsworth's Norah – 'a mink-lined wind tunnel for creating very small storms in very small ornate tea-cups'; L. G. Udall's Randolph – 'a short blunt instrument for upsetting newspaper proprietors or alternatively politicians'; and Quartus's Nye – 'operators are warned to keep clear of the retort'. Ingeniously named devices included these: –

Harold: Have-A-Ration-Of-Luck. Distributor (Gloria Prince)

Edith: Electronic Daughter-Instructor Through Homiletics. (J. A. Lyndon)

Nye: New Youth Electrifier. (Ethel Talbot Scheffauer)

Foster: Frigidiser Or Summit Talking Electro-Repellant. (A. H. Bramson)

I recommend two guineas to Geoffrey Riley and one guinea each to the others printed. Commended: H. Hardman, Douglas S. Bell, J. Timson, Jolyon Lea, Norah Bone and D. Rothenberg.

Foster: Fear of Soviet Territorial Expansion Reactor.

The reactor responds vigorously to an intake of assorted rumour-flashes, and polarises them (with the built-in PPF or prejudice polarising factor) to a steady anti-red beam. Functions best when completely in the dark, and facing East. Emits occasional loud clangs when operating: these, though disturbing, should be ignored.

Randolph: Random Action Noisemaking Dissipator Of Long Political Heritages.

This useful gadget disperses, in irregular outbursts of violent but harmless noise, potentially dangerous accumulations of energy occurring in pockets of inherited genius. Works on similar principles to the safety-valve, the source of energy being in this case hot air. Liable to strike small litigious snags from time to time, but on the whole functions capably and entertainingly.

Nikita: New Improved Kremlin Internal Tactical Apparatus.

A compact but powerful apparatus, transmitting loud and frequent signals. Using an ingenious 'manoeuvring' process, it gradually eliminates all interference from competitors, not by complete suppression but by reducing their wave-lengths to negligible proportions. Has now entirely superseded the primitive 'Death Ray' formerly in use (Soviet Tactical Apparatus Leaving Interference Non-existent).

Geoffrey Riley

Dwight: Diminished Warrior's Insignificant Golfing H-bomb Tester.

This midget machine attached to a golfing club records immediately the presence of foreign H-bombs over the USA.

Foster: Further Overall Soviet Territorial Expansion Resister.

A machine which pours out dollars, bombs and rockets *ad lib* and keeps unemployment at bay.

Nye: Nuclear Y-clad Equivocator.

This machine enables one to walk fully clad and in perfect safety into any conference room with a nuclear weapon under one's arm.

P. W. R. Foot

Dwight: Device Which Inserts Golf Holes in Turf.

This device will quickly and harmlessly insert golf holes of standard size into any strength of grass (replacing the divot afterwards) thus rendering long journeys to golf courses unnecessary. Recommended for Top Men.

Foster: Fulcrometer Of Stability and True Equilibrium Restorer.

This is a meter for cliff-edge naturalists, etc., showing how far it is safe to lean over the edge without actually toppling over. Fractional margins are clearly indicated, and just before C.C. (Certain Calamity) point is reached the Equilibrium Restorer comes automatically into action balancing the wearer back into safety. An indispensable instrument for those indulging in Brinkmanship. 'Keeps your grip on Terror firmer.'

Norah: Non-detectable Oriflamme Remover And Halver.

Looks just like (and is) a gold diamond-studded cigarette holder but with an internal device which enables it, when placed near any flag, oriflamme or pennon, to deposit the emblem silently upon the floor in two pieces.

Joyce Johnson

Edith: Electrical Dithyramb Inditer, Threnodially Heated.

This beautiful machine, an electric verse producer, will, if fed with words, give out lines marked by great rhythmic and melodic beauty and brilliant images. It is sensitive to the presence of uranium, and should be carefully preserved from contact with critical acid.

Nye: National Yellow-press Exterminator.

This well-known Pest Sprayer needs handling with great care. Previously considered especially effective against blue aphis and the yellow-press, it is now being regarded in some quarters as destructive of red spider also. Some people consider that its powers have been overrated, and that the supposedly lethal gas it generates is really hot air.

Norah: Navigator Of Riviera's Archipelagian Headlands.

This handsome machine is a notable feature of luxury yachts plying the difficult coastlines of the Riviera. The machine may be had gold- or platinum-plated. N.B.—Do not insert paper flags into the mechanism or it may set the yacht's course to the open sea.

G. J. Blundell

City Lights

Parochialities

Shipping companies are beginning to feel the pinch, particularly those which lacked the fortune or the foresight to fix up long-term contracts while the going was good, and it is hard to quarrel with Stanhope Steamship's case for cutting its dividend from ten to five per cent. Almost the whole of last year's profit was earned in the first half of it while freight rates were still high. Now, when they are quite unprofitable, only two of the company's twelve vessels are operating on forward charter—eight are laid up, some since last August. It is hardly surprising that the order for a new cargo ship to be delivered in 1960 has been cancelled. Stanhope is suffering from tanker trouble as well. Last year, while freight rates were high, it entered into a time-charter contract for a modern tanker which is at present trading at a serious loss. It has sold a new tanker of its own, but another, ordered by the subsidiary company, is due to be delivered in November of this year. The outlook, except for liner operators and companies which have secured time-charters, is 'most serious and depressing'.

The price of the shares has risen.

* * *

The latest shell operation is taking place on Alquife Ore, a company which used to own a mine and a railway in Spain and which was acquired by Minster Trust once it had sold them. Alquife's present assets consist almost entirely of cash and it is therefore an entirely suitable shell for some of the property interests of Mr Felix Fenston – a name, you will remember,

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Company Meeting

HAMBROS BANK LIMITED

The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Hambros Bank Limited will be held on Thursday, 5th June 1958, at the offices of the Bank, 41, Bishopsgate, London, EC2.

The following is the Statement of the CHAIRMAN, Mr R. Olaf Hambro, circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year to 31st March 1958: Before turning to this year's activities of the Bank I would like to refer, with regret, to the death of our colleague Sir Ernest Oppenheimer. Although as a result of the many important positions which he held in South Africa, he was not often able to attend our Meetings his advice on a great many subjects was very valuable to us and we shall miss him sadly. We are, however, assured of friendship and close contact with those who follow him in his business.

During the year, owing to his age, Mr G. L. d'Abo has ceased to be a Managing Director but we retain, I am glad to say, his advice and great experience in international banking by his continued presence on the Board.

On his retirement as Manager of our Norwegian Department we have elected Mr Anton Martens to the Board. From his future residence in Norway he will keep us in touch with our Norwegian clients.

In presenting this Statement with the Accounts I have referred in the last two years to the difficulties and exceptional experiences through which the Bank has passed. As is well known this year has been no exception with its violent fluctuations in discount rates and continued pressure from the Government to restrict normal Banking relations with our customers.

We have tried to fall in with these restrictions as far as possible without disturbing the good relations between us and our customers, especially those of long standing. Any other course, in our view, could lead to ruining old friendships valuable to us and to this country. In turning to the Accounts it will, therefor, be seen that the Acceptances at £19,884,928 compare with £19,523,266 last year, the Loans and Advances are £15,329,920 against £14,839,811 and on the other side of the Balance Sheet the Deposits stand at £56,526,493 against £49,230,211 last year.

Our liquidity is again very strong, Cash, Bills of Exchange and dated Government Stock amounting to over 75 per cent. of the Deposits.

We have decided this year to value our Gilt-edged holdings at market value. The same argument remains that these are all medium and short dated and that, therefore, it is unnecessary to take market valuation. Nevertheless, in view of the wide fluctuations resulting from changes in Bank Rate, we have decided to resume our previous practice of taking them at market value.

The paid up capital of the Bank was increased during the year by the issue at £2 per share of 500,000 £1 shares which resulted in the raising of the capital by £500,000 and the reserve from £3,000,000 to £3,500,000.

In the Profit & Loss Account the profit for the year is £488,182 against £430,704 last year. It is proposed to transfer £175,000 to Contingency Account and, after recommending dividends at the same rate as last year, to carry forward £124,350.

Our associated company in New York previously known as Hambro Trading Company of America Inc., now designated Hambro Automotive Corporation, has had a very active and successful year in importing the products of The British Motor Corporation Limited into the United States. The total number of cars shipped during this financial year reached the figure of 33,513.

A review of the past year and a forecast of the year ahead is, in these times, full of difficulty. In my opinion the steps that have been taken by the Government to procure an honest value for the Pound Sterling must be welcomed by all, irrespective of their political inclinations and, as London Bankers, we look forward with confidence to the day when the Pound is freely convertible into all currencies, for then, and then only, can London again resume her place as the banking centre of the world to which she has every right by experience and integrity.

The Accounts to which I am attaching this Statement show that the Bank has had a successful and prosperous year and continues to hold its own in international merchant banking in which it started and means to continue. I am very conscious that this is only possible by the devoted loyalty of the staff and the good understanding and friendship which the Bank enjoys from its friends throughout the world.

R. Olaf Hambro,
Chairman.

HAMBROS BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 41, Bishopsgate, E.C.2

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS AT 31st MARCH, 1958

LIABILITIES	£
Current, Deposit and other accounts ..	57,209,053
Acceptances	19,884,928
Paid up Capital	3,500,000
Reserve	3,500,000

ASSETS	£
Cash in Hand, at Bankers and at Call ..	27,680,816
Bills of Exchange	12,491,695
British Government Securities	5,428,591
Loans, Advances and other Accounts ..	15,357,951
Investments in Subsidiaries	3,250,000
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances	19,884,928

which cropped up quite often a year or two ago when the Mayflower scheme had not yet foundered and Miss Leigh's crusade to save the St. James's Theatre had not yet failed.

Alquife will use its cash to acquire the Preference and Ordinary capital of a company called Davidson Development, while control of Alquife – 75 per cent. of the shares, in all probability – will be bought from Minster Trust on behalf of the directors of Davidson and their families. Details have yet to be issued of the properties which will form Alquife's new trading assets: it is believed that there are three of them, only one of which has yet been completed, and that dividends will not be paid until about 1960 when all three are earning profits. The idea of buying shares in such a company will not appeal to everyone. In fact, shares in newly activated shells are extremely popular—partly because the few shares issued are often offered at a cheap price to friends and to the finance house which has arranged the affair, partly because the vendors are quite likely to bid the price of the shares up later in an attempt to get them back. A metamorphosis similar to Alquife's, for example, took place a year ago with Baranquilla Investments, with which Mr Fenston was also associated. The shares shot up from 10s. to 64s. 6d.

* * *

The shares of William Whiteley, now about 21s., stood at 85s. a year ago. The sudden death of the chairman made it necessary to revise ideas about the company's prospects; the group which owns a large block of the shares elected a new Board under the chairmanship of an expert company-doctor, Sir Harold Gillett. The cure, however, seems to be taking a good deal longer than was originally hoped; the company has only just returned to the stage of making profits, and a dividend on the Ordinary shares still looks somewhat remote. The trouble seems to be that nobody is prepared to get their fingers burnt by Whiteley's a second time and that Sir Harold has had considerable difficulty in raising the cash needed to convert part of the Queensway store into offices. Everything will no doubt come right in the end, but it will be a slow, dull job. Whiteley is an extraordinary white elephant—almost the only large store in London for which nobody seems anxious to bid.

Austin Reed is as different from Whiteley as Regent Street from the Harrow Road. Rumours of impending bids have been common, usually on the grounds that the company's property was worth a good deal more than appeared from the balance sheet. The chairman, however, will have none of it. Most of the company's properties are leasehold, it appears, and the freehold properties are valued in the books at post-war prices without depreciation. You still want to make a bid? The chairman's family, friends and colleagues control more than 50 per cent. of the voting capital.

* * *

The Bank of Montreal and the Bank of London and South America are together planning a new bank to operate in the Caribbean, Venezuela and Colombia. The chairman of this attempt to keep the Americans out of America is Sir George Bolton, the well-known inventor of convertibility and a director of the Bank of England. Sterling imperialism, Mr Nixon?

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 444. Prophecy Confounded

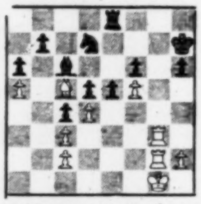
Having been discreet (or cowardly) enough to refrain from venturing a forecast on the title-match, I might as well be honest enough to admit that, like everybody else, I was convinced of Smyslov's victory. I just couldn't imagine anyone upsetting that tower of strength, so full of confidence, so erudite in opening theory, so perfect a strategist and tactician in every phase of the middle-game, so accomplished a master of endgame technique, to say nothing of his opponent's grave handicap of ten years' seniority. The result may be comforting for those of us who are middle-aged or elderly, and inevitably one is reminded of the Euwe-Alekhine return match played in similar circumstances 21 years ago. At that time (and ever since) it was suggested that for an ex-champion to regain his title was a most exceptional and amazing achievement. But let us hear what Euwe has to say about it. (He ought to know!) He points out that old and ailing Steinitz's return match against Lasker was obviously foredoomed and that neither Capablanca or Alekhine gave their predecessors the chance of a return match. Commenting on this year's match Euwe insists that the psychological advantage must needs be with the challenger, provided he gets the chance of the return match soon after losing the title. However that may be, we've got our old champion back, as worthy as ever of reigning over all of us. Rather than reprint the widely publicised 6th game (reputed to be the best in the match) I have picked Botvinnik's convincing win in the 12th.

(1) P-QB4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-KKt3, P-B3; (3) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; (4) P-Kt3, B-B4; (5) B-KKt2, P-K3; (6) B-Kt2, QKt-Q2; (7) O-O, P-KR3; (8) P-Q3, B-K2; (9) QKt-Q2, O-O; (10) P-QR3, Q-QR4; (11) Q-B2, B-R2; (12) B-B3, P-QKt4; (13) PxKtP, PxP; (14) P-QKt4, Q-B2; (15) Q-Kt2, Kt-Kt3; (16) B-K5, Q-Q2; (17) Kt-Kt3, PxP; (18) PxP, RxR; (19) RxR, Kt-R5; (20) Q-Q2, R-B1; (21) R-QB1, RxR ch; (22) KtxR, Kt-K1; (23) Kt-Q4!. [A subtle move, forestalling Black's intention of . . . P-B3 and . . . P-K4 by the threat of B-R3], K-B1; (24) B-R3, B-Kt1; (25) Kt(4)-Kt3, P-B3; (26) B-R1, Q-R2; (27) P-Q4, Kt-Q3; (28) Q-R2, Kt-B5; (29) Kt-B5, BxKt; (30) QPxB, P-K4; (31) Q-Kt1!, P-Q5; (32) Q-B5, Q-QB2; (33) Kt-Q3, B-B2; (34) Q-R7, B-Kt1; (35) Q-K4, B-B2; (36) Q-R8 ch, B-K1; (37) B-KKt2, K-K2; (38) P-B4!, Kt-K6?; (39) PxP, PxP; (40) Q-K4, KtxB; (41) KtxP!, resigns [obviously . . . Kt-K6 would be refuted by (42) Kt-B6 ch, followed by KtxP, etc].

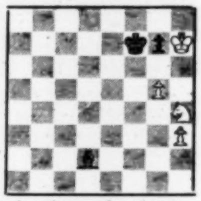
In the 5th game, Smyslov's 1st win, this was the position after his 27th move. /8/p1r1pp2/5kp1/5b2/P1BR1P2/1P2r3/1KPR4/8/. Botvinnik secured his passed pawns by . . . P-K4, and the sequel was

(28) PxP ch, KxP; (29) P-R5, B-K3; (30) BxB, KxB; (31) R-Q8, K-K2; (32) R-QKt8!, R-K3; (33) P-B4, P-R3; (34) K-B3, P-B4; (35) R(2)-Q8, P-B5; (36) R-K8 ch, K-B3; (37) RxR ch, KxR; (38) K-Q4, R-KB2; (39) K-K4, K-Q3??; (40) R-Kt6 ch, K-B4?; (41) K-Q3, resigns [(40) . . . K-B2 while avoiding immediate mate, would have lost too, but on his previous move Botvinnik could have saved the game by . . . R-B4. He was under great time pressure].

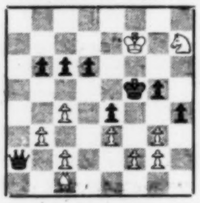
A: V. Smyslov 1941



B: M. Botvinnik 1944



C: I. Boleslavsky 1946



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position of our ex-champion's. How did White force resignation in a few moves? **B**—an easy 6 ladder-points—is a pretty win forced for White by our new champion, and **C** (for 7 points) is a neat study by one of the 'near-candidates' for the title. White to win. Usual prizes. Entries by 27 May.

REPORT on No. 441. Set 26 April

A: (1) . . . P x Kt, followed by (2) . . . Q x KtP would have sufficed; but . . . Kt-K6!; (2) P x Kt, P x Kt was even stronger.

B: (1) Q-QR8 ch, K-Kt8 (best); (2) Q-KR1 ch!, K x Q; (3) K-B1, R-KB4; (4) B-Kt4, R-B3; (5) B-B8, R-QKt3; (6) B-B5, R-Kt5; (7) B-R3! etc.

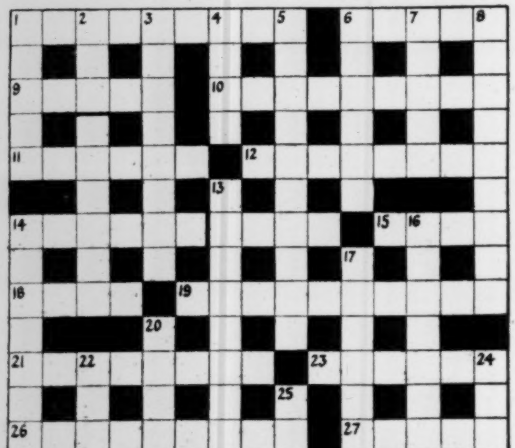
C: (1) R-Kt6, Kt-B3; (2) Q-R6 ch, K-B2; (3) R x Kt ch, P x R; (4) Q-R7 ch, K-K3; (5) P-B5 ch, K-Q3; (6) P-B5 ch, K-Q4; (7) Q-Kt8 ch!!, Q x Q; (8) K-Q3 etc.

Competitors seem to have found this a pleasing and none too difficult lot. Prizes: I. Avinery, E. A. Barclay-Smith, B. Katz, J. D. Taylor, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 303

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 303, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 27 May.



ACROSS

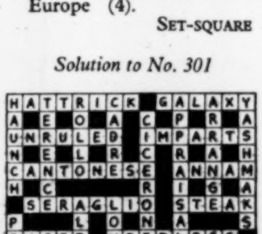
1. The goddess has shot a hart at random (9).
6. Crazy race in an inlet (5).
9. In places where a lot of baking is done this animal is found in pies (5).
10. Accuses an animal in its lairs (9).
11. Speaks slowly as a doctor with instruments (6).
12. A little word-picture may be given before the sober English (8).
14. Animals which give their names to a story genre (6, 4).
15. The literary man might have nothing inside him for his food supply (4).
18. The gang gave a cry of triumph (4).
19. Flowers to put in the ground in place of intellectuals (10).
21. Produce an abridgement to study with the stupid (8).
23. Machine which is powerless off the ground (6).
26. They keep watch over wise men (9).
27. Birds were not quite enough for Bevin (5).
28. Rash finishing with a rasher producer (5).
29. Doll has to rip up a piece of paper (9).

DOWN

1. Abhor a vacuum (5).
2. How apartheid appears in the entertainment world (3, 6).
3. Knowledge of the atmosphere in which the royal ego is distorted (8).
4. Chances which often go with ends (4).
5. The place for a sporting fellow (10).
6. Bears with internal collapse (6).
7. The historian is thus silent on us (5).
8. 'O! call back ——, bid time return' (*K. Richard II*) (9).
13. A youngster discovers signs of charity in a small amount of money (10).
14. Cause the clergy to resign as a sign of penance (9).
16. Call for something to eat on a social occasion (9).
17. Books in which a footnote is changed (8).
20. The language in my river (6).
22. 'What —— my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones?' (Milton) (5).
24. Establish anew a group of engineers (5).
25. Mountain in the way when we have to cross a part of Europe (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 301



HATTRICK■GALAXY
A■E■O■A■C■P■R■A
UNRULED■IMPARTS
N■E■L■R■C■R■A■H
CANTONESE■ANNAM
H■C■■■■■R■I■G■A
■SERAGLIO■STEAK
P■■■L■O■N■A■■■S
RASED■NEEDLESS■
O■U■E■G■■■■■E■C
DEMOB■LARGHETTO
U■M■A■A■A■O■T■O
CHAGRIN■TROLLOP
E■R■A■D■I■P■E■E
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(P.101),
Admiralty,
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Applications invited from men holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer, salary within APT I Scale (£575 × £30 to £725). Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 28 May 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Mathematics. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Mathematics. Salary scale £900 × £50 to £1,100; Bar: £1,150 × £50 to £1,350 × £75 to £1,650 per annum. The initial appointment will be in the salary range £900 to £1,100 per annum. The post is subject to superannuation and family allowance is payable where applicable. The person appointed will be expected to take up duty on 1 October 1958. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than 31 May 1958. Charles H. Stewart, Sec. to the University.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL DEPARTMENT OF ADULT EDUCATION

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of Staff Tutor in English Literature, the appointment to be effective as from 1 October, 1958. Salary scale as for Assistant Lecturer (£700 × £50 – £850) or Lecturer (£900 × £50 – £1,350 × £75 – £1,650 with a promotion bar at £1,300). Superannuation and family allowances (£50 for each child). Salary according to qualifications and experience. Qualifications in a second subject and experience in lecturing to adult audiences desirable but not essential. Full particulars from The Registrar, The University, Hull, to whom applications (eight copies) should be sent by 14 June, 1958.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment as Senior Fellow or Fellow in the Department of Social Philosophy. Applicants should have an interest in philosophical theory and possess good qualifications in some branch of the social sciences. The person appointed will be required to carry on research on problems in general social theory, and to supervise postgraduate students working within his field. The salary and range of the Senior Fellow or Fellow will be determined within the limits £A2,540-£3,050 or £A1,780-£2,550, respectively, and the appointment will be made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay plus contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years (if a Senior Fellow) or every seven years (if a Fellow). Superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 20 June, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in English. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in English, and an active interest in the theatre would be an advantage. The salary range for lecturers is at present £A1,550-£A2,050 per annum. The commencing salary will be determined on the basis of the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 30 June, 1958.

AUSTRALIA – University of New England. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Philosophy. The lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and supervise courses for both internal and external students reading for a Pass Degree, and for internal students reading for an Honours Degree in Philosophy. Commencing salary will be within the range £A1,200-£A1,750 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A80. Salaries are at present under review. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Closing date for receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 1 July 1958.

ONE full-time Tutor for 1-year Courses in London and 1 part-time Tutor for 2-year In-Service Course in Newcastle for Diploma Courses for 'Teachers of the Mentally Handicapped' (in Occupation Centres, Mental Deficiency Hospitals, or in their own homes). Successful candidates will be required to organise these Courses, under supervision. They should have had teaching experience and knowledge of social work. Practical experience of work with mental defectives desirable. Salary according to experience on a scale £550-£800 (pro rata for part-time). Optional superannuation. Applications with 2 testimonials to the General Secretary, The National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

SUPERVISOR required for small typing room. Should be expert typist and have had previous supervisory experience. Interesting post, pleasant working conditions, 5-day week. Apply: Personnel Officer, The Shannon, Ltd. New Malden. MAL. 3262.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service. Psychologists (Vocational Officers) for unestablished posts required at Industrial Rehabilitation Units. Possibility of establishment by open competition later. Age at least 21 years. Qualifications: Good honours degree in psychology or equivalent and preferably with post-graduate training or experience in occupational psychology. The work involves aptitude testing and vocational guidance. National salary scales. Men £575 (at 21) – £920 (at age 30 or on entry if over 30) – £1,215. Women £575 (at 21) – £905 (at 30 or on entry if over 30) – £1,163. Particulars and application forms from MLNE, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting G.159/8A. Closing date 31 May 1958.

TRAINED caterer aged preferably 30-40 required for administrative post in headquarters organisation of BBC Catering Department, London. Work varied and interesting, mainly supervisory, and concerned with all aspects of day to day running of busy staff restaurants of varying size. Considerable travelling in and around London. Chance of further advancement. Energy, initiative, sound knowledge of the profession gained through practical experience, and ability to handle staff tactfully, essential. Selected candidate expected to assimilate quickly the financial, staff and general administration practices. Salary £970 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven increments to £1,340 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.633 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE University of Leeds. Department of History. Applications are invited, preferably from those with special interests or qualifications in modern European history, particularly the history of Europe before 1789 and/or English history of the 16th and 17th centuries, for appointment as Assistant Lecturer at a salary within the range £700-£850 a year, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 9 June, 1958.

THE Electricity Council require a Publications Assistant in the Industrial Relations Department. Duties include sub-editing and layout of a wide range of publications dealing with Education and Training, Safety, Health, Welfare and Joint Consultation. The work entails frequent dealings with printers and block makers, and skill in rewriting, typography and make-up is very desirable. Salary NJC grade 5 £898 – £977 p.a. inclusive. Applications stating age, present position, salary and giving full details of experience to E. Landucci, Winsley Street, W1, to arrive not later than 24 May, 1958. Quote ref. C/16.

CHERRY Knowle Hospital, Ryhope, Nr. Sunderland. Senior Clinical Psychologist (Full-time) required at the above Mental Hospital. The post is a new one and the person appointed will be expected to organise and maintain a full psychological service for this hospital and its associated out-patients clinics. Opportunities for research may be available. Salary £1,050 per annum rising by 9 annual increments to £1,445. Applications giving names of two referees should be sent to the Group Secretary at the above address as soon as possible.

LONDON County Council. Occupational Therapist reqd for 5 sessions a week to give Diversional Therapy to home-bound Tuberculous patients in S. London (Bermondsey, Southwark, Lambeth). Whitley Council Senior Occupational Therapist salary and conditions. Applicn forms (retble by 27 May) and partics from Divisional Medical Officer, 128 Brook Drive, SE11.

DEPUTY Headmistress with a view to appointment as Headmistress: Public Boarding School (140 girls) on South Coast, with a long independent-minded tradition, seeks a Deputy Head (preferably under 45) with a view to appointment as Headmistress in two or three years. Wide – not merely scholastic – experience and interest are looked for. Testimonials should be sent with applications. Box 227.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Resident Cook (woman) required at South Collingham Hall, near Newark. Interesting post at Reception and Observation Centre. Person with knowledge of food reform would be considered. Wages £7 6s. 3d. for a 46-hour week, plus additional 8s per week if in possession of recognised cookery diploma, less £2 8s. per week for board and lodging. Write to Mrs. M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, for appli. form, quoting Est. 90. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Royal Victoria Infirmary and King's College Medical School. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. The Council of King's College invite applications from men and women for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department. Candidates should preferably be graduates and must hold a Mental Health Certificate, or other Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Interest in Research is desirable and the successful candidate will be expected to share in the clinical work, the supervision of trainees and some lecturing with the other two Psychiatric Social Workers on the staff. Salary on University Scale £600 × £25 – £1,000 (commencing salary according to experience) with FSSU benefits and family allowance. Applications, stating qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be submitted not later than 16 June, 1958, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

SOUTH West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board. Applications are invited from honours graduates in psychology for three training posts as Psychologists undertaking a two-year training course in Clinical Psychology. During the first year the trainees will be required to take the course for the University of London Academic Postgraduate Diploma in Psychology (Abnormal Psychology) at the Institute of Psychiatry (session 1958-59). In the second year there will be in-service training in different institutions within the Region. Applicants who have already had a formal training course in Clinical Psychology will be eligible to apply and will not be required to take the London University Course. Successful applicants will be required to sign a contract to serve within the Region for at least two years after completion of their training period. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council (P.T.A.) circular No. 39, as amended by circulars 52 and 59. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, South West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a, Portland Place, W1, to whom applications should be addressed. The closing date for applications is 24 May, 1958.

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women under 44 having genuine interest in the treatment of offenders and aptitude for resolving behaviour problems to have their names enrolled on the Central Register with a view to adopting the career of Probation Officer in Scotland. Regard will be had to personality, educational qualifications and experience. Apply Secretary, Scottish Central Probation Council, 23 Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, for application form.

FAMILY Caseworker, woman, qualified and experienced. AGFCW scale. Charge of branch office. Experience in training students an advantage. Applications together with full details and names of two referees to General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Hostel for ESN School Leavers. Applications are invited for the following residential post in a pioneer Hostel for boys in the London Area. Assistant Warden (single man). Experience with adolescent boys essential and with educationally subnormal young people desirable. Salary scale: £440 – £540 per annum, less £116 for board/lodging. Application forms and further particulars from The Secretary, ESN Hostels, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

WELFARE Organiser. The Willesden Old People's Welfare Committee invite applications for the appointment of a full-time Organiser. Salary £755-£875 per annum. The Organiser will work under the Committee's Hon. Medical Adviser who is also the MOH for Willesden. Duties include organising and developing meals service; chiropody; clubs; holidays; entertainments; visiting, etc., and any other activity to serve elderly persons. Further details from the undersigned, to whom applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, appointments and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Town Hall, Dyne Road, NW6, not later than 31 May 1958. (Signed) R. S. Forster, Hon. Secretary.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Children's Visitor (male or female). Applicants should hold a degree, social science diploma, or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, and should have had extensive casework experience. The candidate appointed will be responsible for supervising casework in an area of the city. Salary – Grade APT II – £725 to £845. Further particulars from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications – 31 May, 1958.

JEWISH Hostel for 14 working girls in North London requires (1) Warden (F). Salary £350– £450 according to qualifications. Might suit married social worker (no children) husband following own occupation, or 2 friends (1 as Assistant – see below). Good accommodation. Domestic staff provided. (2) Cook/Assistant Warden. Duties as cook and in charge in Warden's absence. Salary £225 – £275. Apply stating age, qualifications, experience to Box 490.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited from Psychiatric Social Workers (men) for a research investigation in the field of Forensic Psychiatry. The grant in support of the investigation has been made for one year. Clinical experience is essential; research experience, though not essential, would be desirable. The scope of the inquiry and the field of research require an investigator with considerable powers of persuasion and diplomacy. Salary, according to qualifications and experience, within the range £625-£850. Application forms and further particulars from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. (Ref. RF66.)

JAMAICA: Independent Co-educational day school needs middle-school teachers for September. Degree or training (with experience) essential. Details – Priory School, Half Way Tree, Jamaica.

READING Education Committee, Child Guidance Hostel, 2 St Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required. The hostel accommodates twelve children (boys and girls) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary scale: £370-£440 per annum, less £116 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Dr Ella Ward, Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr Ward within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

RADIOGRAPHERS whole- or part-time, sole charge posts, vacant at Chest Clinics in Windsor and Slough. Further information from Chief Physician, Chest Clinic, Upton Hospital, Slough.

TWO interesting vacancies occur in Collet's Foreign Department. Advanced knowledge of Russian essential and some knowledge of any East European language or German desirable. Typing an advantage. TU Agreement on salaries plus language allowance. Free superannuation. Three-week holiday after one year's service. Existing holiday arrangements respected. Collet's Holdings Ltd, 44 Museum St, London, WC1. CHA. 4756.

CLUB leaders, man and woman, reqd for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St, London, NW8.

ST MARYLEBONE Youth centre, part-time youth leader pref. with experience, married, three evenings a week 27s. 6d. per evening minimum. Commencing September, applications in writing to Hon. M. Lowther, OBE, 29 Manor House, NW1.

CORRESPONDENCE College requires experienced writer to prepare courses of postal study in Salesmanship, Psychology, Journalism, etc. Must have wide general knowledge, simple but interesting style of writing. Reply stating details of experience and qualifications to Box 326.

TRAVEL Service South Kensington requires urgently fully trained travel clerk, counter clerk and sh./typist. Permanent positions. Good salaries. Box 535.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superann. provision. Write giving age and particulars of exper. to Box 9786.

GENERAL Secretary of old-established national propaganda society requires competent progressive-minded secretary. Interesting post for right person. State age, experience, salary, etc., to Box 353.

SECRETARIAL assistant (typ. ess.; shorthand pref.) reqd for general office work, interesting and permanent position for right applicant. Socialist Medical Association, 86 Rochester Row, SW1 (VICtoria 4962).

SECRETARY/Shorthand typist reqd for French and Italian Depts, University College, London (Gower St, WC1). Graduate with French Hons and Italian Subsid.; some secretarial experience desirable. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

GERMAN/English shorthand-typist reqd. at once by German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St, London, WC2 (TRA. 7231).

APOLLO Agency invites enquiries from top quality secretarial and general office staff. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

SHORTHAND-Typist with speeds not less than 120/60 required for travel agents' office near Baker Street Station. Applicant must have good knowledge of German as duties will include some translations. Full details of past experience to Box 135.

INTERESTING, informal secretl. job in Architect's office/home. Hampstead Village. Independent s/c. flatlet. Box 464.

AT Conduit St Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY, 22/25, for Designer in Advtg. Gd salary & prospects. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A VARIED and intg job (9.30-5.30; no Sats: LVs worth 15s. a week) for a competent, intelligent Sh/Typist. Salary according to expce and qualifications. Phone LEG 7633 for interview (Nr Bond St Stn).

THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, London, W1.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted during wife's illness. 4 children, 2 day school. Resident nursemaid and excellent daily help. Beautiful country manor. Every convenience and consideration. Wheelock, Treowen, Wonastow, Monmouth. Dingestow 224.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GRADUATE (1st class), good linguist, many years' exper. teaching & organisation, seeks interesting post in field of English to Foreigners, home or abroad. Box 498.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand-Typist available evening or week-end work. Telephone RIV. 3709 after 6 p.m.

YOUNG couple (22), 3 years' University Psychological, Physiological & Biological training, seek post in wilderness, anything, anywhere – do research. Box 466.

CAPABLE woman sec. sks intg post abt 3 days wk. Approx. 7s. hr. Box 408.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644.

SCHOLARSHIPS

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Research Scholarship. A Scholarship valued at £500 tenable at the Co-operative College in the session commencing October 1958 is to be awarded to a student qualified to carry out research work related to the development of the Co-operative Movement. Research may be addressed either to the economic activities of the Movement or to its social significance. Further information and application forms, to be returned by not later than 13 June 1958, may be obtained from the College Administrative Officer.

PERSONAL

ARTIST in wheelchair wants ground-floor room, good light, access running water & telephone. Not residence. Lock-up shop wd do. Not more than 15 mins by car West End. Beaux Arts Gallery. MAY. 2573.

EDUCATED Italian girl (22), fluent French, some English, wants au pair with Eng. family, 3 months from May. Signorina M. Fodera, Via Petrarca 36, Palermo.

ITALIAN fmly, 2 daughters (21 & 23), Rome flat, villa by sea, offer hospitality Eng. girl, 6 wks summer, in exch. similar for son (18), July-Aug. London area pref. Reed, Nuffield Coll., Oxford.

DISCRIMINATING parents subscribe to The Beaver Club (The Book-a-Month Club for boys and girls of 10 and upwards). Details from Hutchinson Book Clubs' Manager, 178-202 Gt Portland St, W1.

MATHS Lecturer offers solutions to exam. problems by post. All levels. Box 381.

COUPLE with child (about 1½ yrs old) wanted to share part farmhouse in Snowdonia, 5-19 July. Box 556.

ANGRY young cat seeks sympathetic cat-loving home. Ring CLI. 1514.

OXFORD parents, studious girl 14 distressed by exam. pressure in schools wish to meet similar view to forming tutorial group, classics, maths. Box 395.

PEACEFUL bed-sitter, use piano & other facils. for 12 hour week mainly secretarial help to English author MA. Suit theatre-wise researcher linguist, trainee in Literary translation. Box 531.

FRENCH Riviera. Delightful villa, sleep 5/6, to let, monthly periods May-August, overlooking sea at Menton, minutes from beach. Full cooking, lighting and other facilities. Reasonable to careful tenants. Box 198.

VENICE. Two vacancies (25-35 age group) in mixed party flying nights of 29 Aug.-13 Sept. Inclus. cost about £54. Box 459.

TWO seats available Rover '60' to French Riviera leaving 17 July midnight, returning 4 August. £15 each. Box 492.

BACHELOR, 33, has spare space in his North Harrow house. Potential inmate (m.) should enjoy silent breakfast, Brahms, Sibelius, and some chores. Box 514.

ITALY. Viareggio, 10-27 Aug., 2 seats in Consul Ph. 2. £30 each. Box 312.

PARIS 16e. B/s., own bath. Tel. Any period June/Dec. Frs. 3,500 p.w. Box 436.

YOUNG man seeks lift to Italy. Share expenses. Box 240.

SCHOOLMASTER seeks holiday post. Coaching or sectl (sh./typing). Box 378.

CALLER 1 May, please write urgently. Pettitt SW18.

PERSONAL—continued

KINDLY hsekeeper reqd, 3 wks June. Home confinement. 2 small girls. ELM 9868.

BED-sitting room by sea wanted by lady and elderly mother for July & August. Cooking facilities. Box 396.

STUDIO flat adjoining house near Zennor, Cornwall. 8 gns. per week. Box 495.

BARNES Common cul-de-sac furnished ground-floor flat. 2 rms, k. & b. Tel., fridge, garden, garage. Sleep 4. 6-7 gns. 14 July-13 Aug. Box 558.

18 year old daughter of a German publisher in Nuernberg would like to spend a month at the English sea- or countryside to improve her English, as a paying guest or on an exch visit. Dr Hans Wolf, Olympia Verlag, Bad Strasse 4, Nuernberg, Germany.

BACHELOR has 1 or 2 seats available in convertible leaving London for Venice 6 June. Retn London 22 June. Mountview 6938.

MUSIC & general discn. group. Players invited. Tel.: Mrs Dunn, HAM. 8109.

CONVERSATIONAL French lessons by Parisian lady. Moderate fees. Box 194.

HUMOROUS articles, cartoons and short stories are required for a new, light-hearted man's magazine. Prospective contributors should apply to D. P. Chaudhuri, Garrick Hotel, WC2.

UP The Creek – or across the Channel – Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again, Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd, Hamble, Hants.

HOLIDAYS for You! Treat yourself to a really good holiday this year and choose one of the following specially suggested arrangements: a Whitsun holiday in Britain or abroad, an informal Summer House Party in Britain or on the Continent, a Sunshine Bargain Holiday on the Italian Adriatic or the Costa Brava, or an inexpensive Air Charter Holiday on the Italian Riviera. Costs from 8 gns in Britain, 27½ gns abroad. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to philosophy, culture, leisure activities. Informal, friendly. Write Box 557.

ROME. Exciting holiday for young people May-Sept. Residential courses – Italian – Cultural Activities – bathing, sailing – Excursions Naples, Capri – Immediate vacancies. International Cultural Centre, 160 New Bond Street, W1. HYD. 2258.

HOLIDAY Helps: German girl students available for holiday positons. Pocket money only. Siglers Domestic Agency, 7 Cecil Road, London, N14. Tel: ENT. 4594.

SUN Campers. Watford/Rickmansworth area. A small camping club with sunbathing facilities invites new members. Quiet, restful, friendly. Storage hut for equipment. No catering. Vacancies for women, couples and some children over 10. Box 197.

BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays – 1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Write Strachan, Creek Vean, Truro, C'wall.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for you. No Sales – No Fees tuition. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. Free N.2. 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

MISS Ollivier, Colonic lavage. Stimulating. MAY. 1085, open evenings.

MASSAGE for fitness, health by nurse-physiotherapist. App. HAM. 2514.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

LONDON. Good families required to receive Continental students as paying guests or 'au pair'. Regent Exchange Scheme, 160 New Bond St, W1. HYD. 2258.

BURGESS Hill School Camp near Livorno, Italy. 29 July to 28 Aug. Inclusive fee 40 gns. Apply: The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, NW3.

PERSONAL—continued

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

SOCIOLOGY, psychology, talking, dancing, music, play-reading, painting, rambling – are you interested? Write Sec. (B), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

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IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

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WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

TALENTED playwrights consult S. Guest Associates, 12 Hanover St, W1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

BED-Wetting can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enurex Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Store, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

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FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3722. Rush jobs.

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circularising. Dictation by telephone. Music copying. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St., W1. MAY. 5091.

ENTRUST it to the Experts – you can rely on our reputation. 100,000 words in 7 days (also priority service for urgent work). Accurate, correct presentation of MSS., theses, plays, etc. Duplicating (equipped for electronic stencils). Tapes transcribed. Translations. Overnight and week-end service – Office open: Weekdays 9-9 p.m. Sundays to 6 p.m. Enquiries to Colonel Seed, Chippendale & Partners, 40 Poland St, Oxford Circus, W1. GERard 2835/6.

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COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

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RUSSIAN, German, Spanish, French translations; technical, literary and commercial. Creative work a speciality. Competitive terms and rapid service. Dacre Translations, 23 Ilchester Mans, Abingdon Rd, W8.

FOOD AND DRINK

BAKER St Kitchen for something different. 7 Crawford St, Baker St. WEL. 9625.

THE kiss of a man without a moustache is like beef without mustard. (So says a Spanish proverb.) Or, you might say, like dinner without a good sherry – El Cid Amontillado, or Fino Feria, for preference.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School is celebrating its 21st anniversary this autumn. Any old pupils who wish to take part, or to get into touch, should write to the Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p.652

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Lechetizky Method – Tanya Polunin LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd., London, W11.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LEARN Touch-typing in 1-2 months. Private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967.

FRENCH Conversation. Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. – The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

GCE Courses in small groups in English, Latin, Economics, etc. French, German, Spanish in the Direct Method. St Giles' School of Languages, 64-66 Oxford Street. MUS. 4574.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

WHITSUN AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Starts Whitsun and thru summer. Broch.: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

RESIDENTIAL Courses. Thinking, Speaking, Writing, 30 June/4 July. Fee £7 7s. Historic Houses. Daily visits and talks. 7/11 July. Fee £7 7s. Drama School with Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, 26 July/2 August. Fee £10 10s. Exploring Somerset. Daily visits and talks, 18/25 August. Fee £10 10s. Held in the Somerset Education Committee's beautiful College for Adult Education. Details from the Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

MEET the Danes in their own country. Attractive Summer Courses. Particulars from the Danish Institute, 3 Doune Terrace, Edinburgh 3.

WEEKENDS & longer courses at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for supplm. handlist. (Checkendon 221).

HOUSE Party Holidays. Join an informal International House Party by the sea in Britain or in the Austrian Tyrol, the Bernese Oberland, the Italian Adriatic, or Sweden. Opportunities for foreign language practice. Costs from 8 gns in Britain, 27½ gns abroad. Special terms for students and families. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey and Chanticleer Theatre, S. Kensington, London, Summer Drama Schools. Interesting and Stimulating courses in Acting and Production under Professional Stage Staff. Several 7-day courses July and August. One eve. course. £4 4s. and £7 7s. Syllabus: Director, Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

VISIT THE SOVIET UNION
Guaranteed departures by scheduled services:—
18 days by sea 65 gns
15 days by air 112 gns*
(* or 12 gns deposit and 9 monthly instalments of 12 gns).
Tours include Leningrad and Moscow.
Full details from
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PROTRAVEL – The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson, open until 7 p.m. on Thursday). LAN. 3101.

AUSTRIA. Lakes, mountains, gaiety in the Salzkammergut. 2 parties. Dep. 4 & 17 Aug. £32 11s. 15 days. Sleepers/couchettes available. T. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, SW16. POL. 2230.

TRAVEL Adviser gives holiday inform., agencies don't; Europe, America; questions. Aptd. 116, Coimbra, Portugal.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

The cheapest trips of all to
RUSSIA 65 GNS.
Three days in Leningrad
Three days in Moscow
Tour 24: 11 July – 28 July.
Tour 25: 1 August – 18 August.
Limited places available.

Other tours to:
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Send 2d. stamp for free booklet to
Progressive Tours, Ltd. (Dept N.4),
100a Rochester Row, London, SW1.
Tate 2152/3.

SUMMER HOLIDAY IN MADEIRA AT REDUCED FARES!
Air fare down by £27 return. The year's best holiday proposition and the extra miles south mean warmth and sunshine. A good opportunity to visit this beautiful sub-tropical island. Go now or at any time until mid-December. Good hotels, reasonable rates.
ITALIAN RIVIERA
The only direct route to the coast starts Saturdays from 31 May to Santa Margherita (for Rapallo, Portofino, Sestri Levante and Nervi). Let your travel agent help you or contact
AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Rd, London, SW3. KEN 4567.

TARRAGONA at Fiesta Time – 14 days £28-£30. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1. LAN. 3101.

WHERE TO STAY

KENT for holidays, convalescence or res. Every comfort in beau. surroundgs. Own farm, woods & gardens. Naylor, Low Wood Guest House, Bethersden, Ashford.

CORNWALL. The Slipway House, Port Isaac. Centuries-old guest house. Every comfort. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing. Magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6/7½ gns. Phone 264.

SEA and Country peace and quiet, magnificent views, extensive grounds, billiards, private bathrooms if desired. Every comfort, good food, personal attention. mid-week bookings a speciality. Terms 30s. to 2gns. daily, no extras. 'Five Rocks,' Chale, Isle of Wight. Tel. Niton 346.

NEAR sea in lovely country. P.G. welcomed. Comf. cottage, good ckg. The Studio, Uplyme, Lyme Regis, Dorset. Tel. L.R.5.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

LONDON, WC1, Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

SPRING and Summer holidays. Barricane Private Hotel adjoining three miles golden sands. Write M. Barness, Woolacombe, Devon. Telephone Woolacombe 44.

DEVON. 'Fontenaye' Gsthse, Combe Martin 2366. Fine Posn. Close sea Ex. cen.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

PEACE, comfort, good food, small Quaker 17th Century Guest House, large garden. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

NORTH Pembrokeshire. Seaside town, guest house acc. Every comf. Home cooking. Partics: Drake, Portmeor, Newport.

PORTHLEVEN, C'wall. Tye Rock Hotel. Lovely posn sunny sth cst. Quiet comf.

SURPRISINGLY comfortable cottage on Cumberland Fells. Mod. cons. Ex. centre for walkers. 7 gns. full board. Box 330.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

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AN informal and carefree holiday awaits you in old-world house on River Yealm bank. Conven. Plymouth, Kingsbridge, Torquay. 7½ gns. full board. Point House, Noss Mayo, nr Plymouth. Newton Ferrers 432.

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ISLE of Wight. Dble bed, own sit. in mod. thatched cott. Nr sea & downs. Ideal walkers, artists. Goodwoods, Brighstone.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

YOUR Early Holiday. Strike or no strike we wish to let every room & so keep cost to 5/6½ gns. wkly, incl. gratuities, 4 meals, coffees & early tea dly in beautiful home. Vegetn if necessary. Used by NS readers (refs given). Only 3 rooms free now, 5 rooms June (6/7½ gns.), 2 Lounges, (TV). Normanhurst, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex.

RENEW Vitality & Charm by Nature Cure. 7-day beauty regime with diets, massage, remedial baths and relaxation in a delightful retreat. Illustrated folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

SEE the Whole Coastline here, or bathe from our Beach Hut. Twin rooms at Annexe (suitable youngish people), breakfast, evening dinner, 5 gns. wkly, incl. gratuities, early tea. Normanhurst as above.

ANGRY Young Men (and Women) do not turn off at Whiddon Down for Chagford, and therefore forever look back in anger! Send for particulars from the Hon. Sec., Chagford Hotels Assn, Easton Cross, Chagford, Devon.

FREE service. Holiday accom., hotels, guest houses. Full details. Vacancies on our files throughout UK. No list supplied. Osborne's Accommodation Service, 77 St Lawrence Avenue, Worthing.

RETURNING here for holiday this year, more than 500 former guests, incl. NS readers. Book now! Normanhurst as above.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CANTERBURY 4½ miles. Old cottage in orchard land. All mod. cons., pleasant garden, excellent food. Bassett, Prices Cottage. Boughton 393.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Own produce. Everything home-made. From 6 gns.

HERNE Bay, nr. sea. Fr. Whit., b/b. 4 gns. p.w. No restn. Sen, 140 Grand Drive.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

HOLIDAY in Brittany – rooms which include cooking facilities, in private house near beach. Write: Le Dervouet, Kerdibab, Concarneau, Finisterre.

DENMARK. Holiday at Meulenborg country house hotel in 12 acres near Copenhagen and Sweden. Good centre for excursions. Full board from Kr22-28 p.d. Prosp.: J. F. Caroe, Elsinore, Denmark.

VIENNA. English couple recommend excellent accommodation 20 minutes from Vienna. Charming house 100 yds from Plage. Large bright rooms, approx £1 b. & b. Box 8147 for further details or write direct: Frischmann, Baden 6 Wein, Helenstrasse 13.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

TWO fur. rooms, Highgate, every convenience, for three months. MOU. 7788.

FULHAM. Furn. bed sit. & kit./dining-room, linen etc. supplied. £2 10s. p.w. incl. light, 1 person. RENown 5145.

ST. John's Wood. 2 bed sit. rms with bath to share. 1 at £3 10s., other £2 10s. Quiet residential street. Box 491.

HAMPSTEAD: Large semi-basement b/s., ckg facs, own w.c., share bath. Reduc. rent baby-sit/other house help. SWI. 3496.

EAST Finchley, 1st-floor furn. flat available to mid-July, 2 bedrms, sitting-rm, kit, and bath. 4 gns. p.w. Box 442.

UNF. flatlet SE Lon. Wom. only. £108 p.a. incl. Refs. Fittings £20. Box 447.

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YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Write to the Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, NW1.

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NEWLY dec. b/s., gas fire, use kit., div., Wandsworth Com. 2 gns. BAL. 7453.

REDECORATED furn. flat suitable prof. woman: bed sit. room, large kit. Use bathroom, garden, Nr Henly's Corner, conv. buses, Northern Line. 3½ gns. FIN. 4003.

LARGE well-furn. modern B/S overlooking gdn in Architect's House. 2 mins Canonbury Towers, N1. Cooking unit. Gas fire, linen, cleaning, etc. 3 gns. CAN. 1008 evgs.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flatlet nr Olympia avail. 6/12 wks. C.h.w., k., b., & roof gdn. Suit one or couple. RIV. 8405.

CORNWALL. Furn. cottage to let May, June or Sept., for one week or longer, on Trenowin Downs between Penzance and St Ives; sleep 4. Apply for details: J. E. B. Wright, 102a Westbourne Grove, W2.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

HAMPSTEAD, nr Finchley Rd tube/buses. 2 well-furn. rooms in Mans. flat, 5 gns p.w. Phone HAM. 7258.

LGE b/s rm in s/c flat Maida Vale dist. 50s. incl. Use k. & b. CUN. 9683.

ATTRACTIVE bed sit. room. Private house, cooking facilities, no linen, no breakfast. Lady pref. 2½ gns. HAM. 9271.

FURN. 2-rm s/c flatlet gnd fl., tiny gdn; suit 1 person, £3 inc. el. SEV. 0951.

250FT. above quietest sandy beaches in Cornwall. 4-berth (Premier) caravan. Gas, flush toilet, Fishing gear, bait & turbot. Blake, Stone Farm, Millbrook, Cornwall.

BRACKLESHAM Bay & Hayling. 4-b. Caravan. King, 385 London Rd, Horndean.

CORNISH coast chalet, sleep 4. Elec. Overlooking St Ives Bay. Box 9898.

OUT of This World: old furnished Cottage (2 bedrms, living-rm, kit.-dining-rm, bathrm, mod. cons, garage, gdn) on edge of Common, beautiful view Chilterns. Right off beaten track but only 2 miles from Aylesbury. Owners, in nearby cott., with 13-yr-old son, would prefer family with boy(s). Box 382.

RATHER primitive bungalow on banks of river. Cornw'l. Parker, Helford, Helston.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

FRIENDLESS, involuntary ex-mother, ex-wife, 45, weary of hostels, wants room, privacy for study, freedom to type. Box 441.

RENT Act Refugees (prof. lady and undergrad.-to-be son) seek unfurnished flat London. Max. rent 70s. Box 232.

FURNISHED flat or house for couple, 2 children & nurse. 45 mins. London or less. 12 June-Sept. 3 bedrms. Write Box 486.

FLAT required by married couple, nanny, 2 children, fairly Central. 1 June to end August. Tel.: BELgravia 3161.

COUPLE, son 13, require unfurn. flat, easy access Dulwich College. BRI. 4030.

ANYONE seeking non-U teaching couple as tenants furn. flat London end September? Write Rabinowitz, Lycée Garçons, Roubaix (Nord), France.

AUST. woman P/G student, late 20's, needs, for approx. 2 yrs, furn. s/c flat, convenient WC1. Box 513.

PROPERTIES TO LET

AVAILABLE now. Three furnished flats Central London. 8, 10 and 12 gns weekly. FRE. 5444.

MATLOCK, Derbys. Modern contemp. flat, 3 rms. & bath. Long or short periods. Morris Furnrs, Dale Rd, Matlock. Tel. 732.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FREEHOLD charm. 17th-Cent. Cottage ideally sit. Berkshire Hills easy reach Reading & Newbury. 3 gd bedrms, lge lnge, kit., bathr., etc. Garage & coalshed. Main el. & water. Tel. Approx. ½-acre lovely gdn. Shrubs, flower beds, lawns, veg. and fruit trees. £3,500 or near offer, Box 93.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes' easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

GERMAN Book Club. A first-class German novel a month for a third of the published price. Prospectus from Bailey Bros, Hyde House, West Central St, WC1.

AMERICA'S reaction to the Russian Sputnik is the subject of the pungent June editorial in 'Astounding Science Fiction'. 1s. 9d. monthly.

PURSUED by a Bear.

'THE Liberal Ghost', a sparkling piece by R. P. Arnot in May Labour Monthly. George James (NUR Executive) writes 'Crisis on the Rails'; 'Wages and the Economic Situation' examined in R. P. Dutt's Notes of the Month. 1s. 8d. post free, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

GOVERNMENT by pressure. 'Anonymous Empire: A Study of the Lobby in Great Britain' by S. E. Finer. Pall Mall Press. 12s. 6d. 'An extraordinarily readable and lucid summary' The Economist.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex. Sell your unwanted Mountain books to us.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism; books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA

Week 19-24 May

Gaumont, Southampton

Mon.	Carmen
Tue.	The Tales of Hoffmann
Wed.	Rigoletto
Thu.	The Bartered Bride (New Production)
Fri.	Don Giovanni
Sat. (Mat.)	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (Evg.)	Faust

Evenings 7.15. Sat. Mat. 2.30

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE COVENT GARDEN

(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

19, 21 & 24 May at 7.00	Don Carlos (in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET

(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

20 May, 7.30	Ballet Imperial, The Rake's Progress, Petrushka
22 May, 7.30	Les Sylphides, The Lady and the Fool, Coppelia: Act III.
23 May, 7.30	Solitaire, Giselle

'CORREGIDOR' (H. Wolf). 2 perfs. by City Opera Club. 21 & 22 May, 7.30. K. George's Hall, WC1. Details: PUT. 1418.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tues./Fri. Evs 8.0 Sat. Sns. 5, 8. 'Quaint Honour.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30. St. 5, 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Last week. Epitaph for George Dillon. Opening Wed. 21 May. Flesh to a Tiger.

TH. Royal E15. MAR. 5973. Lst Wk. 8. St. 5.0 & 8.0. 'The Respectful Prostitute.'

TOWER. 7.30. 16, 17 only O'Neill's drama 'Anna Christie'. 23, 24 (Mems 25), 29, 30, 31 May, Odet's 'Winter Journey'. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6). Canonbury Pl., N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Ganze Macher' ('His Friend at Court'). 'Great wit' (Jewish Chron.). Thurs. to Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

'LE Fiacre', 'Les Feuilles Mortes' and other popular French songs from Louis XIII to Charles Trenet are included in the 88th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Saturday, 31 May, at three o'clock. Singers: Denyse Duval and Michel Sénéchal. Prog. presented and accompanied by Georges Van Parys. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. WEL. 2141.

AGON by Strawinsky, 1st perf. in Gt Britain. Mozart Piano Concerto K.488. Annie Fischer, Collegium Musicum Londinii, John Minchinton. Royal Festival Hall at 11 p.m., Wed. 21 May, 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 18 May: 'Bad Day at Black Rock' (A). From 19 May: 'End As A Man' (X).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 18 May, Diana Dors, Yvonne Mitchell, 'Yield to the Night.' X. D. Niven. 'Happy Ever After'. U.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 17 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sat 17 May. 7.30-11. Tkts 4s.

SCR Garden Party for Soviet tourists. SCR members, accompanied friends. Refreshments. Wed., 21 May, from 7.30 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sqr., W8. Adm. 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL Opera House (Covent Garden) 1858-1958. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 June. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs 10-8. Admission 1s.

DIVERSION: Exhibition of paintings and sculpture at the South London Art Gallery, Peckham Road, SE5. 11-31 May. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 3-6. Free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Sergio de Castro. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 7 June. 142 New Bond St, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Guggenheim Award 1958: British Section. Opens today (Fri. 16 May). Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings by Manet, Cezanne, Renoir, etc, mostly 26in × 22in & 50s. plus 7s. 2d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Asger Jorn: Paintings 1938-1958. Till 31 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Paintings by Anil Gamini Jayasuria, Ceylonese child artist.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., an important exhibition of recent paintings and water-colours by Calliyannis. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Poliakoff – First London Exhibition of Paintings & Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 20 June.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Monotypes by Edgar Degas. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. La Creation de L'Oeuvre Chez Paul Signac. 234 paintings, watercolours, drawings. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-12.30.

JOSEPH Wright of Derby 1734-1797. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Sat. 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Finishes Tomorrow. Admission 1s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Graham Sutherland; Rodrigo Moynihan; Norman Alexander and lithographs by Raoul Dufy. Dly 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 May.

ERNST Fuchs: Paintings, drawings and etchings until June 10. St George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street. 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings Morley Bury. 8-31 May.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Zack, Pharr. 19 May-7 June. Daily 10-7, including Saturdays.

BRITISH Visitors welcome at Galerie 'ZWO-4' Hamburg, 8 May-End July, daily 8 p.m.-4 a.m. Recent paintings of The Cotllwyd Group (Könekamp, Gee, Friedlander etc.).

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings of France: Paul Pouchol. Daily 9.30-6. Saturday 9.30-1. 2, Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Philip Sutton: Recent paintings.

GALLERY One. W1. (GERrard 3529). Kemeny reliefs; Max Chapman pntgs.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Defence Policy and the Hydrogen Bomb, discussion opened by John Solomon. Wed. 21 May, 7.30. 57 Dean St, W1. Vis 2s.

'ETHICS of Food', Ronald Lightowler (LVS). Caxton Hall, Mon. 19 May, 7.30 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

'BRITAIN AND THE NUCLEAR STALEMATE':

STUART HALL

Mon. 19 May 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Mems. 1s. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2.

ULR INTERNATIONAL FORUM 'INDONESIA'

ANDREW ROTH, spec. corres. 'France Observateur'. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Thurs., 22 May, 1.15. Adm. 1s.

ULR HISTORY GROUP NORMAN BIRNBAUM on 'THE GERMAN REFORMATION', Sun. 18 May, 7.30 p.m. LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

LONDON SCHOOLS LEFT CLUB Fri. 16 May. KAREL REISZ on CAN CINEMA SURVIVE? LBC, 7 Carlisle St, 5.30 p.m. Adm. 9d. Mems. free. Fri. 23 May, No meeting. Fri. 30 May, THE FUTURE OF BRITISH SCHOOLS.

FRANCE, N. Africa & the West. Mrs D. Pickles, M.A. 11 a.m. Sun. 18 May. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'.

ALGERIA – M. Pierre Stibbe, of the Paris Bar, on the administration of justice in France and Algeria. Wed., 21 May at 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4. A public meeting org. by Haldane Society.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Technical Advance and Economic Progress' will be delivered by Dr Arnold C. Harberger (Chicago) at 5 p.m. on 22 May at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2. Admis. Free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

DAVID Oistrakh will speak on the recent Chaikovsky Piano & Violin Competition, on Fri. 16 May, at 4 p.m. SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 1s. 6d. Coffee.

SHAW Society: Gerry Raffles on 'Theatre Workshop & the Censor', 30 May, 7 p.m. 2s. from 45 Steeplestone Close, N18.

AMBIGUITY of Vision: lecture by Prof. E. H. Gombrich, Ph.D, MA, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1. (Nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Mon. 19 May, 8.30. (Arr. Finsbury Art Grp). Non-mems. 1s. 6d.

A. S. NEILL on 'Pioneer School, Past & Future.' Chair: Benn Levy. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 21 May, 7.30. Admission 2s. Summerhill Society.

HOWARD League. D. L. Howard, Tutor Organiser, Eastchurch Prison on 'Education as a Rehabilitative Factor at HM Prison, Eastchurch'. 6.30 Mon. 19 May, Caxton Hall.

THE Modern Churchmen's Union, Wed. 21 May, in the Church of St Margaret's, Lothbury, EC2 (Nearest Underground, the Bank), 3.45 p.m. Annual Meeting, Speaker, the Rev. A. J. Drewett, MA, BSc. Issues before the Lambeth Conference. 5.45 p.m. Annual Service with Choral Evensong. Preacher, the Rev. J. D. Pearce-Higgins, MA, Chairman of the Modern Churchmen's Union.

★ *NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT* ★

Mass Lobby: Tuesday 20th May

9.30 am onwards	Reception Centre open at Alliance Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1.
3.30 to 5 pm	Provincial Lobby
4.15 pm	Clergy assemble at Vestry, St. Martin in the Fields for
4.45 pm	Wreath laying ceremony at Cenotaph
5 pm	MASS LOBBY BEGINS
5 pm	First Central Hall meeting begins
6 pm	Second Central Hall meeting begins
7 pm	Third Central Hall meeting begins. Montague Place (behind British Museum) meeting begins
8 pm	Fourth Central Hall meeting begins
8.45 pm	All from Central Hall and queue assemble at Waterloo Bridge.
9.15 pm	Procession leaves Waterloo Bridge by way of Aldwych, Kingsway, New Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road to Montague Place.
9.45 to 10.45 pm	Final rally at Montague Place.

Coaches will pick up their passengers at Montague Place unless other arrangements are made privately.

150 stewards still needed. Attend briefing meeting at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road 7.30 pm 19th May.

If you can offer a bed to an out of town visitor, please let us know.

Donations, and offers of help in leaflet distribution to Mass Lobby Committee, Pioneer House, 348 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. *TERminus* **9278**

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PIONEER Women of Great Britain have great pleasure in inviting you to a Forum on Monday, 19 May, at 8 p.m. (Doors open at 7.30 p.m.) at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1 (one minute from Woburn House.) Subject: 'Young Democracies at Work.' Speakers: U Tin Maung Gyi, Counsellor, Embassy of the Union of Burma; Mr A. Liveran, Counsellor, Embassy of Israel; Mr A. Quaison-Sackey, Official Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for Ghana. In the Chair: Miss Rena Langer, General Secretary, Pioneer Women of Great Britain. Questions and discussion. All welcome. Adm. free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24, Kensington Park Gdns., W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 16 May 8 p.m. Dr G. Bolsover: 'Russian Foreign Policy, 1815-1914. Fri. 23 May 8 p.m. Vera Benenson, pianoforte recital: Prokoviev, Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart & others. 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Thurs. 22 May 8 p.m. Prof. V. Ilyine: 'Russians & Western Europe' (in Russian).

ICA, 17 Dover St., W1. The Cult of the Neurotic Hero. Speakers: Dr J. P. Dewsbery, Charles Marowitz, Richard Roud, R. D. Smith. Chairman: G. Morris Carstairs. Thurs., 22 May, 8.15. Adm. 3s. Mems. 1s 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St., W1. The Role of the Art Director. Speakers: Harriet Train Blake, Toni del Renzio, W. Landel. Chairman: Joanna Chase. Tuesday, 20 May, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

'MARXIST View of Class', David Lockwood (Lecturer in Sociology, LSE) at 13 Prince of Wales Tce, off Ken. High St, nr Pk, Sun., 18 May, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Sociology Group, Progressive League.

ONE in every Family? – It's amazing how many people have taken up this Buddhism lately. There's probably at least one in your office or your street, if you only knew it! Western people are finding out that this ancient teaching of the Cause and Cure of Suffering really works. It's not cranky, bogus or obscurantist – it appeals to the scientifically trained mind. Come along to the Buddhist Society's Saturday Group, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, 24 May, at 3 p.m. and see for yourself. Readings, discussion and tea. Your questions answered. Next public lecture Wed. 28 May, 6.30, 'Buddhism in Burma', Ven. U Thittila. Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug. Inf.: TAT. 1313.

SWAMI Ghanananda. Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta mag 2s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kens. High St, W8, Sun. 18 May, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m.: A. A. Burall: 'Moral Imperatives'.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 18 May. The Psychic Side of Nature. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily, London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CHINA – Socialism and Human Relations. Weekend School, Sat.-Sun., 31 May-1 June. Treetops, Surrey. Mr A. T. D'Eye, lecturer visited China: 'Econ. & Pol. Changes Resulting from First Five-Year Plan'. Mr. & Mrs D. Crook, ten years in China, on leave from Inst. of Foreign Languages, Peking: 'Changing Human Relations'. For particulars write to Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

MOVEMENT & Rhythm: Ways of Integration. Day & Evg Courses. Sec. Lilian Harmel Studio, 37 Ferncroft Ave, NW3.

HILLCROFT College for adult education, Surbiton. One year residential course in liberal subjects for women over twenty requiring further education as opening to careers in teaching, social work. Recognised by Ministry of Education. No entrance examination. Grants avail. Apply Secretary (NS).

DRAWING class. Beginners Mondays, advanced Thursdays. 8-10.30. 6s. per session. Qualified instructor. Model. 32 Rosary Gardens, SW7. FRE. 2424.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda HAM. 7322.

THE Modern Method for High Grade Secretarial Work and Verbatim Reporting is Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for prospectus. Palantype College, 229, High Holborn, WC1. HOLborn 5104.

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Indiv. attent. Remarkable results.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginners' crse, all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn St, WC2. COV. 0754.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on page 651

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